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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

LONDON:

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THE POEMS OF GARTH AND KING.

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THE

DISPENSARY.

A

POEM

IN

SIX CANTO'S.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

"— Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim."

HOR. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhould be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting ſpeaks, Muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgement, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in.

Your humble Servant.

PRE-

PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurprized to find it uncorrect: though I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflexion; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the ofteneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin Poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a Fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs;

and, to be revenged on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own, I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe it is upon no other reaſon, but becauſe it is the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animoſities among the

Members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally ſome of our diſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, until the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt, ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a Treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the year 97. It is called, "A ſhort Account of the "Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians, London, in "relation to the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and

encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any particular perſon, it is at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give nobody offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my

conſcience

conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

THE

COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT

Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, in relation to the SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the ſeveral orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing medicines *gratis* to the poor ſick of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and parts adjacent; as alſo propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in purſuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reaſonable rates; we therefore whoſe names are here under-written, fellows and members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a charity, by the counſel and good-liking of the Preſident and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times, as to the major part of the ſubſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: which money, when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell,

is

is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinſic value, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch times, and by ſuch orders and directions, as by the major part of the ſubſcribers hereto ſhall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe.

In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals, this twenty-ſecond day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Præſes.
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Cenſor.
Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torleſs, Elect. and Cenſor.
Edw. Hulſe, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Cenſor.
Will. Dawes, Cenſor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, Jun.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.

P. Syl-

TO
MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,
DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or el'e whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want force to taſte.
I would a poet, like a miſtreſs, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye;
But by ſome nameleſs power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will damn thy verſe, and juſtify their own.

Wh

Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the City Bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgement, and whoſe friendſhip, is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmoſt mind;
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind:
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit.
Conſenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above.
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it my humble buſineſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH, THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praiſe your healing art, would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgement now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.
The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO

TO MY FRIEND,
UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill, whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe 'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUI

POE

POEMS

By Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſued.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. —they ſtill purſued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here ſhe 's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

How

How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth fits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick 's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;

A ſpiteful

A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!

* The building of the Diſpenſary.

How have I kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity 's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I 've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big thy ſtrut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
† Urim was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phyllifing the fair;

* See Boil. Lut. † Dr. Atterbury.

Conſtant

Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 270.
Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.

VARIATIONS.

Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſeleſs doors.

* See Boil. Lut.

But now ſome buſy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I 'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you 'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 196.
Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in ſubterranean beds;
Whilſt ſickening flowers drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaux for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to prayers and play-houſe haſte;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to reſt:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.

But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
Whilſt ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through ignorance miſ-led,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like fetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.

Great

Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.

Thus

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then ſhe: alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at theſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.
Somers does ſickening equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal ſire
Inſpires the generous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.

Worth

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The Lover 's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I 'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill * Colon's perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.

VARIATIONS.

Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

* Lee, an apothecary.

Black

Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onwards ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where * Horoſcope invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 95.
In haſte he ſtrides along, to reco[illegible]ſe
The want of buſineſs with its vai[illegible]nce.

* Dr. Barnard.

It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale;
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhame reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how [illegible] Panthea may be won,
And longs to ſ[illegible]e marriage-fetters on:

Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his cofmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philtres chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
  Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud:
  Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhould'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.

When

When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought could be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhould'ſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps croud,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none, in complaiſance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To croud with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;

Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valued, coſt not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The croud in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of Succinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce-animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no ſooner did the ſteam receive,
But rouz'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed-ſcent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202. Whilſt we, at our expence, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the Sage expreſt.
Oft' has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I 'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;

He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You 'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure 's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they 're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive;
And though they 're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,

That project, the Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair;
Light 's chearful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The Sage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor,
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.

And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy called Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener ſaſſafras, are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt-propitious-power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowеſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.
Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions w
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to ſam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary expire!
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;

How

How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure 's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
  Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The aſſembly Diaſenna * thus addreſs'd:
  My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſineſs but to dine;
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
And intereſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt could fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gathering-clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown;
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
  Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as burgundy, ptiſans were ſold;

* Gilſtorp, an apothecary.

When

nts choſe to die with better will,
he, and pay th' apothecary's bill;
er than for our aſſiſtance call,
o Aix or Bourbon, ſpring and fall.
s increas'd, and piety decay'd,
the church's purity betray'd,
and doctrine ſlaves and atheiſts made.
vere but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
ſway'd by venal evidence.
promoted to the council-board,
e bench, and bullies to the ſword.
private were the ſenate's aim;
ts for a place abandon'd fame.
no influencing art remains,
has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns.
n ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
by a reformation too.
te jars our practices detect,
, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.

VARIATIONS.

:.
ite jars our practices detect,
when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
they riſe, but gather as they run.
at from their parallel decline,
advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.
ore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
ne Faculty to be our friend.
lving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
locynthus thus his rage expreſt.

Diſſen-

Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run :
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power :
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with ſpite.
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhould redden in the drawing-room ;
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he — Thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace : nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
Could'ſt thou propoſe, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel †, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Should

Should e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
Who out of conſolation ſcarce can kill?
The towering Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leeches, in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Birmingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmouth-ſtreet; Verſailles with riding-hoods!
The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentiſh air!
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe through thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools, through bleſt inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave.
It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We 'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they 'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wondrous power than to create.

We 'll

We 'll raiſe our numerous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pygmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Caſe.
Though ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides *, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave;

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Born

Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
What we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is 't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they 'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Though projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.

Our

Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport:
Them we 'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288. If things of uſe were valued, there had been
Some workhouſe where the Monument is ſeen.

THE

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.

* Two bookſellers.

All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe off' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis plain, my intereſt you 've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhould find.
And you 'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
Oxford and all her paſſing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft' diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward 's the ſame.
What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.
Phyſicians, if they 're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I 'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris *;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you 'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we 'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His fire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.

* Mr. Parrot. † Dr. Howe.

This

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow * Carus next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him preſs;
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he 's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurprize,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.

* Dr. Tyſon.

Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler 's happy on this ſcore:
He 'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious * Umbra ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly; and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet;
A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
† Colt, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, ‡ Rowe.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade:
Since of each enterprize th' event 's unknown,
We 'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives § Vagellius, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt.
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.
§ Sir Barth. Shower.

For

For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo 's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a * Bard:
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays.
" † Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions
" claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" ‡ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore.—

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† King Arthur, p. 307.
‡ King Arthur, p. 327.

" * Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."

As he went rumbling on, the Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight;
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents ſound:
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhivering quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little Loves confeſs their amorous fire.

After ver. 212. theſe lines are omitted:

Th' Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normans.

* Prince Arthur, p. 130.

The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening Fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince * Pauſanias was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er;
Slide without falling; without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft' though your ſtrokes ſurprize, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe—The Deity we Fortune call,
Though diſtant, rules and influences all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.
The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, To arms; ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterprize conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

* Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move.
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold Tornados bluſter in the ſky;

Why

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhower deſcends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wondering ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining Lyre with ſtrains attracting more
Heaven's glittering manſions now than Hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies;
His towering brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.

Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal Spring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhows,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowers and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial court.

Upon

Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gypſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.

The Dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear — and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly-born my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity

Though

Though bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where Fortune is the ſlave, and Merit reigns.
The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

T

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
  Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
  None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty 's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.

I ſet

I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.
But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mi
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's be
And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.

I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.
All ſhould, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft' the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Cædrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.

Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood; then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft' unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,

But ſoon what they 've exalted they 'll diſcard,
And ſet up Carus or the city Bard.
Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I 'll ſtraight purſue;
The Fury, ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The Fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering ſight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.

The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
  Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
  As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
  Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.

Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Though Gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe could ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe, my chivalry proclaim;
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell;
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Power infinite muſt act. "I grant it ſo."
Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane; ſurvey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.

"'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, though unfeed, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurprizes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council 's call'd, and * Stentor firſt was heard;
His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
† Machaon, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.
True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He 's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

If this dread enterprize you would decline,
We 'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we 'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:
Our ſpite, they 'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lye.

He had not finiſh'd, till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war:
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer grew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 221.
What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:
But ſeveral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſt deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty Squire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the Muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron God his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics, ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne;
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and, to return the charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.

Thus

Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From * Stentor's arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At † Colon great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
‡ Chiron attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This § Pylas ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If, faithful to thy midnight myſteries,

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon.
† Dr. Birch.
‡ Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.
§ Dr. Chamberlain.

If,

If, ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throv
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He ſaid, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

Though the haranguing God ſurvey'd the war,
That day the Muſes' ſons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſtening river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their Muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after Nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from his birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.

And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor, undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.

On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering over him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But, to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he 'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch extaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon 's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd * Signetur writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:

* Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries "*Signetur* men."

Sooner

Sooner than I 'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt;
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy.
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But, while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The Chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we 've ſeen
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood;
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.
Faith ſtand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appeared on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrow's Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough th' atchievement of your arms you 've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he 'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.

Let

Let Celſus * for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolved in fear,
A form ſo heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celſus, alone unmov'd, the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. 3
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

* Dr. Bateman.

Her

Hence Pancies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the Carnation and the baſhful Roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte Lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.

The inſects here their lingering trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards ſleep.
Where ſhivering ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd Erucæ hide
Their numerous feet, in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.
Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unweildy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.

The

The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love 's more violent than the chemiſt's fire.
Near theſe the Delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run;
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.

The

The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And, undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.

Nigh this receſs, with terror, they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;

Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of Fate.
Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly fails along.
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe 's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watery ſtore.
Now loathſome Lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre Pthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults, are ſhown;
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior name,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſerts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;

Then ſhews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon 's preſent ſtill at their command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of their realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief ſate heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not uneoncern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled Manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you 'll attend,
Know, I 'm Guâieum *, once your firmeſt friend;
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry powers relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſcam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:

* Dr. Morton.

And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus: O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you 're chang'd from what you w
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, till they reach the wondering ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I 'd ſend.
But, ſince no human arts the Fates diſſuade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then, riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd;
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tower on hi
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.

Lo

Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe blifsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And every grace unſung, the waves conceal.
The Delegate obſerves, with wondering eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe;
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here Jealouſy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:

Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and ſparkle in the ring;
Till the green-ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flower,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, inſtead of traſh, you 'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid:
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtile our modeſty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe 'll forſake:
But ſeveral Cælia's, ſeveral ages boaſt,
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heavenly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.

Your

Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon 's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name;
The lonely Phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he —
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the Faculty;

How your ſad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft' father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the fire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I 'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.

Whea-

Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene;
And, when the power of eloquence he 'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; there ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your fickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he 'll cloſe, and ſovereignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king:
And, when amidſt his olives plac'd he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel-diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like power,
Which did the labouring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they 're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They 've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.

When

When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the Sage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his Guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT:

Addreſſed to the Right Honourable the Earl of CLARE, afterwards Duke of NEWCASTLE.

" —Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
" Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa." VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windſor-foreſt; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa, now belonging to the earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurprizing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the third book of the Metamorphoſis,

phoſis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,

" — vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd, are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.

Non

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe Fame cries—Athens; honeſt Truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full-ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh; their ſatires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts Fate itſelf to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon.
The ſire of Gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No

No bard for bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Should indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
What then—You 'll ſay, Muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I 'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The man who 's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Though earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's homage ſhould receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When Pelham you reſign'd, what could repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes, that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides;
But, when new-gathering ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He 's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, beſtows.

Direct

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the Villa took its name.
In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;

No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs;
Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had,
Whatever Nature aſk'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians' fees:
Nor ſerv'd up Death in ſoups and fricaſees:
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters;
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the Miſſeltoe.

The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain,
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there;
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft' they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudied, and profeſt
No politicks but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitre'd prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor ſine-cure, were known;
Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun;
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe;
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own;
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap, that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe.
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.

They

They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.

The fair Montano, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain-ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe:

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His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung:
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace:
For, though poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs, that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite, he meant to pleaſe:
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mouldering ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall;
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall;
The claſping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drouſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.

Penſive

Penſive the virgin ſate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here:
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard theſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.

The rural powers the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims preeminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the evening ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame;
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And, though to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick God inſpir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair Liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The Maid is reſcued, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.

Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſ-lead;
And laws even by the legiſlators bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For Tyrants are but Princes in diſguiſe,
Though ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear;
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.
Oft' will his leiſure this retirement chuſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the Muſe;
And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOS: WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The Fair you 'll find, when ſoft intreaties fail,
Aſſert their uncontеſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In differing breaſts what differing paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Though

Though infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flowers;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe:
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty ſhines;
And every ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON, WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

My Lord,

OUR Poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would liſten then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair-one's ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhould take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Though you poſſeſs all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that Goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows;
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hovering on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.

The

The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

To the Dutcheſs of BOLTON, on her ſtaying all the Winter in the Country.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion * ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work 's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Though each a Goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is ſhown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O cenſure undeſerv'd! unequal fate!
Which ſtrove to leſſen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with ſucceſs and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conqueſts, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault 's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domeſtic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy ſhakes,
And only fears for Her whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the courſe of virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in abſence moſt Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

TO THE

EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the publick to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices would have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar, ſiniſter to our prayers,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus, like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingra-

Ingratitude 's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot 's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your flame:
But though you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

ON
HER MAJESTY'S STATUE,
IN
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vaſt bulk of that ſtupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apoſtle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna 's ſeen to riſe,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland ſeem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a ſmiling face.
But France alone with downcaſt eyes is ſeen,
The ſad attendant of ſo good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her General — and her word:

For

For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon);
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe 's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE

NEW CONSPIRACY. 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change — though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not fought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with — the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will

Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt — which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure — ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply: — Behold, their looks, their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon — repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON THE

KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the Sun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health 's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

HYDE, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no texts, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe, without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you 've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:

He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he 'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE muſick and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure, and the pain?
Here their ſoft magick thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill!
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant Love more vaſſals makes than Fear.

No

No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine 's apparent in their eyes.
That empire 's fix'd, that 's founded in desire;
Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE CORNISH SQUIRE,
A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you 'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy Sinner makes an aukward Prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.

If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna 's a ſtateſman; Sydrophel, a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let thoſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they 'll ſurely maul,
There 's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, ſoon as nam'd,
This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd;
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the Poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the Muſes' ſtructures live.

The

The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By Beauty * founded, and by Wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry 's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He 'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſun his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they 're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves — you may
Be ſpiteful — and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you 're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tendereſt ſounds I ſued; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more,

I aſk

I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly; but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating beverage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful Sorcereſs viſits this receſs;
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.

A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the diſtreſſed Sorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barks, that beat the ſeas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS continued.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet;
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian ſhore the Trojan ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Libyan coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore.
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:

Firſt

Firſt to his ſire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The Father of the Gods, deteſting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Though loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;

Begs leave through black Avernus to retire;
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids: he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead;
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame:
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtile you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light:
To feel the breezes of congenial air;
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

THE

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
But mortal; and religious rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic ſway,
Had I conſented to the God of Day.
With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of ſand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
Who 'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.

The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurſe's name.
Here did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
To wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And ſudden thus his late aſſociate greets.
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek 's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
Raging, he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at every ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his griſly front he ſhrowds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane:
Oh! could I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.

At

At length a ſail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE
ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.

Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.
Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor houſhold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flowers,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the Goddeſs weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready Nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.

Soon,

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo Fates command)
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcymitar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
The nuptial right this outrage ſtraight attends;
The dower deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backwards ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did defeats,
And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
The myſtery thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus who once th' Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field:
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The Graces in the finiſh'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads ſued,
And every ſilver ſiſter of the flood:
Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows:
Where ſedgy Anio glides through ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte Goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on,
His heart no ſovereign would obey but one:
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore the faireſt of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
Whene'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſtening on the plains;

The

The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flowery hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That ſought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chace the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone:

By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and every grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my every tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long, ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic power ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizling damps now purge the a
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.

Q

Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of blood,
The trees are tost'd from forests where they stood;
Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forsake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.
The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears,
She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;
Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

The sun did now to western waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
Ill suits fond love with absence, or delay:
Where she commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or sleep, or sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.
The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings:
Ere-long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst Fame
The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuffering fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal power;
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.
His kindred Gods the Hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.

The

The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd:
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You 'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE

ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd, what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of lightning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſtrous ſtate to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.

Chac'd

Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſufferings ſeas could give, or war compleat;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient through ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, Love's bright Goddeſs thus reviles:
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny;
And, wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.

Here

Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls through windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd God frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the Sylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimicks, but with geſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft' he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainſt fortune and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood, on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towery crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;

Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, ſhe ſaid;
Ceaſe Turnus, and the heavenly powers reſpect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees, on Ida ſtood,
And gave their ſhade to each deſcending God;
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhowers in ſpouts deſcend.
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoaking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas, are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembering what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan ſail, in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war.
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.

Venus

Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain; ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boaſted once a ſovereign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings;
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft', with woeful ſhrieks, of war complains.

THE

DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother Goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whoſe powerful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;

Allots

Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An apotheoſis, and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, Love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watery tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates, to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay;
And cleanſe the Goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to æthereal mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the Goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and ſtiles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Aſcanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the River God.

Now

Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The Mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flattering ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurſery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtragglers to obey command;
Leſt the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now

Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft' would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſued the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs, a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.

Now,

Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or, if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
Though old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unfoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every ſmiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the God confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on every ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,

Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and, with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft' did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs, and prayer;
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his prayers; inſults his agonies;
Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:
O Anaxaretè, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For Death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Elong the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue, ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.

Warn'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!
The ſtory oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager winds, ſucceeds deſire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.
The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd;
But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The

The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And ſilent march the city to ſurprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours; every urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heaven's imperial throne:
Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.

Long haſt thou promis'd an æthereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the power armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heavenly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Erelong the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the Meteor Maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe, as now reſides above;
Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,
Retire

Retire to yon' ſteep Mount, with groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambaſſadreſs replies:
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear!
With looks of love he 'll ſmile away my care;
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my Heaven is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horn that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes;
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious prayers:
If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.

Rome

Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy fovereign power as Fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
Far hence, ye Gods, this execration fend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid:
If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs power.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The

The anxious throng look'd down, and, ſad in thoug
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So God-like is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

A SC

A

SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He 'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

TO MR. GAY, ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

T

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER

AT

SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee 's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou 'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

In return to the DOCTOR's Conſolatory Verſes to him, upon the loſs of his ROD *.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying verſe, aſſuage;
Immortal verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd proſe that did condemn thy ſong:
Thou, happy bard, whoſe double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or ſpleen;

* See above, p. 109.

Whoſe

Whoſe lucky hand adminiſters repoſe
As well to breaking heart, as broken noſe;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was ſad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long diſuſe;
In ſilence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble ſtrain;
When, check'd by ſlaviſh conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the niece, and act the bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the throng
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a ſong:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verſe,
While Dingle's loſs with ſorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow caves reſound
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the ſound;
Till Echo, chaunting it by juſt degree,
Shortens to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt; where 's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learnt to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies;
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe,
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.

Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, though that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.
But oh! my friend, conſider, though ſhe 's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, though from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets:
For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee,
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

CON-

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END OF GARTH'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH,

ADVOCATE OF DOCTOR'S COMMONS, &c. &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY

The Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, "concerning the Soups and Sauces "of the Ancients."

With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book.

Humbly inſcribed to the Honourable

BEEF-STEAK CLUB

Firſt printed in 1708.

OF Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was re-printed at Amſterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte "Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus "Martini Liſter, è Medicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ "Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis ſelectioribus, "variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, "Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & va-"riarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time, before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends, whoſe judgement, as

he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verſe turns upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You "did write all this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand "to the ſcandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken-up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the Curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new Books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis & Opſoniis Veterum*,

" Of

"Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What Manuſcripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating?*

Conſider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I ſhewed him your Letter; which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, left, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure, remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whilſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt-beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when,

when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As "many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you "may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſe-keepers to provide *cake* and *ſweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the incloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, preſent.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiſcalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philoſophical and Mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhiped the

the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and buſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitſters** in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports,"

* Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon.

that "the Chaldees had a great eſteem for the number "TWELVE, becauſe there were ſo many ſigns of the "Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyp-"tians, and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was "tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-quills*. He is very tedious in deſcribing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like *raffling* ſometimes

times at Colonel Parſons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks and Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat their "meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; "not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore "no great foulers of linen. The uſe of ſilver forks "with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gallants taken-up of "late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence "into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to

rags.

rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could with Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought-in with the deſſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver-knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Aceteria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs —

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu;"

that

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient Mſ. remaining at the Bull-inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water; ſlice two "onions of moderate ſize into a large ſaucer, and put "in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your "fore-finger and thumb, if large, and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay, not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break-off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of Learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I 'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.

Thus

Thus we 'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.

This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?

But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe,
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait;
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon OUR ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

"Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
"Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
"Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

"Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
"Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
"The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter

butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Paraphraſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious, I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt, being a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth

not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains many uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt idea of a *ſwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of ſkeaing. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-tarts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient

cient Family of Leigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; and is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *hippocras*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieſſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent-in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending

pye-cruſt from ſcorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been ſinging of *capons*. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity or tediouſneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as poſſible, to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great Philoſopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verſes," ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from *beans*. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing *turnips* for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible to prevail "upon him that could be contented with ſuch a *ſupper*." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies: ſo true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal ſkill required to bring an army

"into

" into the field, and to ſet forth a magnificent enter-
" tainment; ſince the one was as far as poſſible to
" annoy your enemy, and the other to pleaſure your
" friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*, they had likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of publiſhing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the " Cook's " Complete Library," which ſhall begin with a tranſlation, or at leaſt an Epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *indexes*, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *baſting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean ſkullery*. I deſign to have all Authors in all languages upon that ſubject; therefore pray conſult what Oriental Manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *ſour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know how Mahomet uſed to have his *ſhoulder of mutton* dreſſed. I have heard

heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a "Prophet, he will diſcover it; if he is an impoſtor, no "matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what Manuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ſays, he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and entertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks' Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, which ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be moſt favourable to your friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt cenſure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſerious conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of "Cookery" will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating, as otherwiſe they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence, this I would be bound to ſay, "That a good dinner is brother to a good "poem:" only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in "The Libertine *," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs, under the table. The Hoſt, in "The Villain †," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he pro-

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.
† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

duces

duces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſack-poſſet, in "The Man's the Maſter*;" have, in my opinion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgement of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious or jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing

* A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

of

of fallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings*? Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a *diamond* as large, ſeeing the *iceing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains

in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Lichfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, "and driven to great neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might "for once be able to ſup upon a *ſack-poſſet* and a *fat* "*capon*."

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me to ſome of that "chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Gooſe*;"—"*fruſt that Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—*ſauce that* "*Capon*;"—*mince that Plover*."—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be

with

with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live, but that they bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the coals*;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;
"And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
"Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
"Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
"Such ſhriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *raſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might "Pit,

"Box,

"Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite Poem, taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Liſter's Work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

"Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
"Are yet the great regalia of a play;
"In which to poets you but juſt appear,
"To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
"Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
"One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
"But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
"Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
"Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
"As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
"And, when they have enough for Comedy,
"They ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
"The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
"For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
"To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
"None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer* * along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

may

may be excuſed, after ſo great an example; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that the "Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Bookſellers' ſhops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune

to — write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will "buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The Art "of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; "with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, "occaſioned principally by the title of a Book, pub-"liſhed by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and "Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your "Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every Miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come Miſs "Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of* "*Cookery?*" "Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?" —"Miſs Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry* "*and the Miller?*" — "Yes, Madam; I am come to

"— His name ſhall be enroll'd
"In Eſtcourt's Book, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold."

"Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?" "Well, "child, if you mind this, you ſhall not be put to your "*Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſe-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of piratin

on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only "to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under "St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Author's Seal at the "Title-page, being Three Sauce-pans, in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſements, with "Strops for Razors, and the beſt Spectacles, "are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; "or, Love in a hollow tree;" which piece has its peculiar embliſhments, and is a Poem carefully framed

according to the nicest rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a scene of good Housewifry, where Favourite the House-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam. "Should not some fat sheep be bought in?

"BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?

"LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. "The fresh grass makes them fall away, and they "begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared "a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-"meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves "shortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art "of Cookery," where our Author says,

"But though my edge be not too nicely set,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when season past,
"What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful,
"what waste,
"And lead him through the various maze of taste.

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's*, (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Forest rides "astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilst*

whilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey in ſafety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-faſhioned glaſs, fills and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old Lady cries, "Well, it is my bed-time; "but my daughter will ſhew you the way to yours: "for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement (ſee the great judgement of the Poet!), ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *gooſe* to "the fire:" but here it is otherwiſe; for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with, "Truly, Madam, I "have no ſtomach to any meat, but to comply with "you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all "that is deſirable already." *The Lady tells him,* "cold "Supper is better than none;" *ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his

mother the hoſpitable Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verſe "Mangoes, Potargo, Cham-"pignons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the houſe-keeper makes theſe moſt important enquiries.

"FAV. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any Muſhrooms, Man-"goes, or Bamboons, into the Sallad?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſt.

"FAV. Shall I uſe Ketchup or Anchovies in the "Gravy?

"BON. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ſome perſons is, makes her excuſe for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye "ſpare a little time to take a ſhort dinner? I pro-"miſe you, it ſhall not be long." It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-"cock, that, after my Hawk ſeized, made head as if "he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him "preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentle-woman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia

Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſ-"apprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the "Hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh off*, and *quit his habitation*. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in traveling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of "Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother's and Houſe-keeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons,

Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity o eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no othe drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two saddle on his back and walkt, came into a walk of confuse trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard wal across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in* where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, whicl would draw tears from any thing that is not marble :

" Hang up thy wallet on that tree
" And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
" Let 's here repose our wearied limbs till they
" more wearied be !

" BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but on " piece of cheese. What shall we do for bread ?

" VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out " Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

" BOY. But no drink, Master ?

" VAL. Under that rock a spring I see, " Which shall refresh my thirst and thee."

So the Act closes; and it is dismal for the Audienc to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, i seems, had a coming-stomach, should continue there al the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, t ease them of their pain, by an invention which th Poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *lon beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled t Florida, who, embracing him, says, " I doubt I hav " offended him too much; but I will attend him home " cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poo goo

good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's Book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and be a nurſe, "a tender nurſe, to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt "entertainment ſhe ever yet provided, to conſider what "ſhe has and what ſhe wants, and to get all ready in "few hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurprizing happineſs; a Friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh; in which, he ſays, ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the *pizzle* and

ſpermatic

ſpermatic veſſels of a Snail, delineated by a microſcope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *ſubcrocean teſticle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never maſters of. The other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this ſo important affair is not ſufficiently communicative. My Friend ſays, he has a promiſe of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I ſhall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Moſt humble ſervant, &c.

THE

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
Though drawn by Kneller; it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feaſt,
By ſome rich Farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That Syllabubs come firſt, and Soups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and Poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent Gooſeberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;

Yet

Yet no man lards salt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify Scotcht-collops to a Feast?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately ship-wreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Dessert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.
Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of Cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults fresh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried:
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own Hell:
Give him a single coat to make, he 'd do 't;
A vest, or breeches, singly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
Rather than frame a Supper like such cloaths,
I 'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.

You

You that from pliant Paſte would fabricks raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fix,
And with your Fruit reſplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your Pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate 's awry.
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what 's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant Peaſe t' Aſparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the Artiſt will accrue,
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceſtors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The Seaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds ariſe.

So

So Stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *?
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing;
A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries †.
Since Places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who 'd fix those things where Fashion is a rule.
King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

* In the time of king Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

By

By Northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
Though I 've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotter from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
A Pye, which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By Muſick's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of Love;
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the Muſick and the Wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I 'm ſo loth
To marinate my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If I my Maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future Burgeſs, you prepare
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.

All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray,
And, weary, to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh,
But, hungry, ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the haſty Raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.
Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you 'd ſerious be;
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe:

Yo

Your Betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye; Nurſe gives you Cake;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as freſh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings;
And Leiceſter Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
Let the old Tenants' table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the Brawner's head,
Set Roſemary and Bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large Pippin grace,
Amidſt thoſe thundering ſpears an Orange place;
Be like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
With roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Then and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the Wine,
Trail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Bridge with Plumbs, and Turkeys with the Chine.
You perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Such more peculiarly you 'd make your own,
But ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
Adventuring out too far you may be loſt.

By roaſting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an aukward ſound that Ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:
THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND,
A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE.
The Author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you ſue a Beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his Books,
Will ſhew us that his Heroes all were Cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verſe!
MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND
MUSHROOMS KNOW!
Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing Dogs,
Their ſtinking Cheeſe, and Fricaſee of Frogs!

He 'd

He 'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.
The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he 'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;

Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to Health and to Diſeaſe.
Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.
Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your Paſtry try,
Unleſs Grandees or Magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or, if you 'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Paſty lodge a living Hare;
Then midſt their graveſt Furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.
'Tis the Deſſert that graces all the Feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With ſwelling Fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.

Let

Let Plates and Diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The Feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſued.
The cheerful Maſter, midſt his jovial friends,
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place;
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant ſtore,
He ſhowers his god-like bleſſings on the poor.
In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their Baſket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give conſent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign ſparkled equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccoſico's, Ortolans, were ſent
To grace the levee of a General's tent;
In their gilt Plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players once get to Iſlington,
They fondly think that all the world 's their own:
Prentices, Pariſh-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing Ale
At Conſtables and Juſtices they rail;
Not thinking Cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening Mead and Cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the Kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings reveling with delight.
What theſe approve the great men will diſlike:
But here 's the art, if you the palate ſtrike;
By management of common things ſo well,
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel;
While others ſtrive in vain, all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.
When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You 'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigue*:
Where firſt and ſecond Courſe, and your Deſſert,
All in one ſingle table have their part.
From ſuch a vaſt confuſion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raiſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footſteps tread:
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our Fathers moſt admir'd their Sauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal beſtow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey ſtrew'd.
Inſipid Taſte, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.
Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell Pecks of Peaſe;
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimſey-boards went round;
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a ſtall;
Her Currants there and Gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every ſound and every voice was tried.
At laſt the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
And that no Nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.
There is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French Kickſhaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;

But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.
Our Britiſh Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they with leiſure work,
With care would ſalt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALER DUE.
Becauſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
As many things if rightly underſtood;
Old Croſs condemns all perſons to be Fops,
That can't regale themſelves with Mutton-chops.
He often for ſtuft Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Peſt-houſe, ſhuns.
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his diſh,
And then he ſaints thoſe Fryars who ſtink of Fiſh.
As for myſelf, I take him to abſtain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon 's paſt,
What 's ſtale, what choice, what plentiful, what waſte,
And lead him through the various maze of taſte.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market ſends in loads of food,
They all are taſteleſs till *that* makes them good.
Beſides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:

You 'd pleaſe a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A teſty Father, or a haughty Mother;
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from Court you may deſire;
Or would, perhaps, ſome haſty Supper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live.
Purſuant to that intereſt you propoſe,
Muſt all your Wine and all your Meat be choſe.
Let men and manners every diſh adapt:
Who 'd force his Pepper where his gueſts are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and ſtoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
Ragouts of Peacocks-brains, or Filbert-tart.

The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to ſave all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the Father, "ſee a Pin lies there;
"A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year.
"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management increaſe,
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?

Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill:
Clog not your conſtant meals; for diſhes few
Increaſe the appetite, when choice and new.

Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profeſs,
Have ſtill an inward hatred for Exceſs:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtic diſh ſome call *ſurprize*.
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet,
That Cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like SUR-LOIN'S KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.
Good-nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs, but errors of the Cook.
A ſtring won't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the Muſician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fried Parſley ſcatter'd on the Fiſh;
Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which careleſſneſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compaſſion once may overlook
A Skewer ſent to table by my Cook:
But think not therefore tamely I 'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the Raſcal ſend me up the Spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his Veal:

But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
Tables ſhould be like pictures to the ſight,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicace* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldeſt Son:
" Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, " though taught by me,
" Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
" There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
" And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
" There 's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
" Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
" For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
" But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
" From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure ſprings
" To *ſtall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
" A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
" Which no way to the main deſign belong,
" Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
" Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiſs'd:
" So in a Feaſt no intermediate fault
" Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the Wreſtling-place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends;
Nor Maid nor Miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We 'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout:
But, if it lies too long, the crackling 's pall'd,
Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian Fathers, ſparing in their Food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
Sharp Hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such Salt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their Sallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant Water-graſs, or ſavoury Leek;
Until the Britiſh Bards adorn'd this Iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh Harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,

Cities era'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to Gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's Book *, whoſe Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependance lies in ſome Receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.

* That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-"Steak Club." — Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

When

When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricaſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance,
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abſtains;
No Artiſt can his Hautboy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful Maſter form his hand:
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, ſome cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll aſk no more:
And 'tis the vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
To ſee their Port admir'd, and Table full.
But then, amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
Who with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
How well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery 's rich, his Chariot 's fine,
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how ſhould the Youth deſcry
The happineſs of Friendſhip from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere;
But flattering Impudence is void of care:

So

So at an Iriſh Funeral appears
A train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wife,
They from their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
The Perſian Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
That, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
Unleſs a man of worth, to be their Friend.
But now the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
And ſlander them, for giving them their Wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught,
They ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.
Were Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
A Feaſt with wit and judgement he 'd contrive.
As thus: — Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd Work, and every Diſh a Verſe;
He 'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other Line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome Diſh more curious in its place.
If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as Self-love.
We ſhould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
And every prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.

Judge-

Judgement provides the Meat in ſeaſon fit,
Which by the genius dreſt, its ſauce is Wit.
Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the decorum of the Stage.
The Critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And 'tis ev'n ſo the Butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and Paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow:
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real Dough.
When Truth commands, there 's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting Bread, or buttering Peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There 's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
A Kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The Fowler and the Huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.
Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raiſe
A Name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he leapt with his unweildy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I 'd rather than himſelf his Fiſh ſhould fry.

There

re ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
ur private Table they 'll intrude.
u fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
a Fox, they 'll catch you at the laſt.
ſince bars and doors are no defence,
your houſe as in a peſtilence.
nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
ou 're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
s of all your ſins, and you will ſee
your guilt and puniſhment agree:
tender pity could prevail,
ould throw ſome debtor into gaol.
th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
tain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe.
and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
r from the Paraſite you 'll get;
a Leech well fix'd, he 'll ſuck what 's good,
part till ſatisfied with Blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome Octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author ſtrangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, Engliſh Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monſter vomited-up by a Baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no Manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly

ouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, what-"ever Manuſcripts there might have been, they muſt "have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being "written out by the Cooks themſelves, or ſome of "their Friends or Servants, who are not always the "moſt accurate." And then, as my Friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the State to order a ſelect Scrivener to tranſcribe Receipts, leſt ignorant Women and Houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobſters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the Author of this Treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Phyſick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the "Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit "and judgement in all affairs that related to Eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of Aumulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of firſt making Sauſages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oyſters, Sprawns, and Lobſters. And theſe Sauſages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend ſays, the Editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æſopus had a ſupper of the "tongues of Birds that could ſpeak;" and that "his "Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how "Hortenſius left "ten thouſand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar, for his "Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fiſh-

"ponds

" ponds with Man's Fleſh;" and how " Cæſar bought " ſix-thouſand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal " Supper." He ſays, the Editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Phyſicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Weſtern Empire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of Cheeſe and Veniſon without thoſe additional Sauces, which the Phyſicians of old found-out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrenſis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionyſius of *Sugar-ſops*, Apis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegeſippus of *Black-pudding*, Cito of *Sauced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog's-harſlet*, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat-cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch Authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his Annotations upon Apicius; whoſe Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius

finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our Editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the Ancients uſed no Pepper," whereas all or at leaſt five or ſix hundred of Apicius's Delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from Salt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to Rue, Cummin, Parſley-ſeed, Marſh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raiſins, Muſtard and Oil, Rue, Maſtick, and Cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Cuſtard: that the "*Tetraphar-*" *macon*, a diſh much admired by the Emperors Adrian "and Alexander Severus, was made of Pheaſant, Pea-"cock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a Bread "Pudding over it; and that the name and reaſon of "ſo odd a diſh are to be ſought for amongſt the "Phyſicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the Firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients ſcalded their Wine; and

that

that burnt Claret, as now practiſed, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Muſtard and Honey, before the frequent uſe of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas. It were worth a Diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain: and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's fleſh; that the Ancients uſed to *marinate* their Fiſh, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the Liquor in Oyſters is, by laying the deep ſhell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains

matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Muſhrooms with an Amber, or at leaſt a Silver Knife; where the Annotator ſhews elegantly, againſt Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator ſhews our Salt-petre at preſent to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with Oil and Salt, and ſo boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the preſent Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and ſo not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruſſian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out of kindneſs to themſelves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Aſparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three

three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpring-time very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Cruſts of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſtine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation

pretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of Snow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a Phyſician to preſcribe, to ſend to table upon that occaſion, might be a Bed-pan. There are ſome admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Aſellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Muſhrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccafico's*, Oyſters, and Redwings; a Work that ought to be publiſhed: for the ſame Annotator obſerves, that this Iſland is not deſtitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that experience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juſſels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dreſſing and Carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a ſort of Couch, could not have carved thoſe diſhes which our Anceſtors when they ſat upon Forms uſed to do. But, ſince the uſe of Cuſhions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been ſomething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of Capon-ſtones

ſtones at table (Lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their ſpurs; which, occaſioning their ſterility, makes them Capons in effect, though thoſe parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Peaſe-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Auſprios*; but my Friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent Phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a Phyſical Diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the beſt Purge for Horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what the Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dreſs Oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, and moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *ſumptuous* and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the Laws forbad the uſage of Hogs-harſlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks,

&c.

&c. at their public Suppers; and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his Orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which, Pliny ſays, were uſually made of that delicious Creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellences: "That fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days "before he is to box or wreſtle, ſhall be much ſtronger "than if he ſhould eat the beſt Roaſt Beef or Bag Pud-"ding in the Pariſh."

The Eighth Book treats of ſuch Dainties as *four-footed* Beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The *Deer*, dreſſed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and ſtewed Damſons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of "Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland, that will let nobody "handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an "elegant Sauce, preſcribed after a "phyſical manner, in form of an Electuary, made of "Pepper, Rue, Parſley-ſeed, Juniper, Thyme dried, "Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion

Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Phyſicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found-out that young Foxes were in ſeaſon in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the ſweeteſt of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had ſent him one, or a Pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite Animal was reſerved for the laſt Chapter; and that was the *Dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and Phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and ſo boiled for Sauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them: Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the Winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls

rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This Dormouſe, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do ſo, I cannot tell, becauſe Bambouſelbergius's Treatiſe "of Fattening "Dormice" is loſt. Though very coſtly, they became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with Poppies and Honey; which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them, that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus "in his Conſulſhip, got them prohibited from public "entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe, that "*ſcales* were brought to table in thoſe "ages, to weigh curious Fiſhes, Birds, and Dormice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes, I ſuppoſe, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occaſion, to ſhew "of how great uſe ſcales "would be at the tables of our Nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of Wild-fowl: "For, "if twelve Larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh below twelve "ounces, they would be very lean, and ſcarce tole-"rable; if twelve and down-weight, they would be "very well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to

"per-

"perfection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of Eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties; and told my Friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the Annotator had not preſcribed his Dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting-days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My Friend ſaid, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

"'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
"And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep*;"

eſpecially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fiſh, where, amongſt other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger.

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

They

They anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more "excellent than what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bade the Maſter return home again immediately: and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before *. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dreſs Crampfiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the Cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the Pourcontrel, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin, or Hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often ate their Oyſters alive, and ſpread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It ſeems, the Ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook ſent up a fat Gooſe, Fiſh, and Wildfowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the King was extremely affected with freſh Herrings (as indeed who is not?); but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea-coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of

* Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the "Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King. N.

meat,

meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix-pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that dainties, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that it might taſte of the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in "a thing of this weight, it is not conſiſtent with my

"gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but my "own eyes. Bring the Fiſh hither, let me ſee him "breathe his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as "jeſts made by the Stoicks, and ſpoken abſurdly and "beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our Eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend ſaid, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites would fiſh for "Eels, or ſell them, ſhould be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the men-

tion of the Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a Hiſtory, ſhewing how they deſervedly baniſhed Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being uſeful; how one cried out becauſe one of the Roſe-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horſes to dance; and ſo their enemies, coming againſt them with *guitars* and *harpſichords*, ſet them ſo upon their *Round-O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thouſand of them ſlain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and ſeveral other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much over-ſtayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caſpar Barthius, and another Friend, with himſelf, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Diſhes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, ſhould be a Salacacaby, a Diſh of Fenugreek, a Wild-Sheep's head and appurtenance with a ſuitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and ſome Dormouſe Sauſages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Veniſon-paſty, you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE

ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

The virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy.

BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY; Baron HERBERT of Caerdiff, Roſs of Kendal, PARR, FITZ-HUGH MARMION, ST. QUINTIN, and HERBERT of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the Crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious Father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe

* Henry lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum," as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a "later Poet to write like one who has written before "him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his "words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet "him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that "Author would have done, had he lived in our age "and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir "John Denham *, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this

* Mr. Dryden alludes to "The Deſtruction of "Troy, &c." N.

"Libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as this "definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but, the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin* at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author ſtand

* In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations. N.

much

much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy *:

" What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice
" to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his " Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable Fable, which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt Parts as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the " Remedy of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be

* Congreve's Love for Love. N.

confi-

conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

THE

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In Love-affairs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love 's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
Though he 'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
That was *his* taſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſtiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bit.

So Love ſhall yield. I own, I 've been his ſlave;
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach, ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matron's pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The Soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conqueſt then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change:
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught;
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
And he, that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire,
Muſt ſearch where Virtue may that flame inſpire.

To

:ign parts there is no need to roam:
essing may be met with nearer home.
india some, others from neighbouring France,
:awny skins, and puppets that can dance.
:at of British Empire does contain
:s that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
itful fields with plenty bless the sight,
the milky way adorns the night;
does with those graceful nymphs abound,
dove-like softness is with roses crown'd.
tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
by their smallest twine the captive 's led.
youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
e mother to a race divine.
in matrons, no decay appears;
dence only there you guess at years.
:times you 'll see these Beauties seek the shade
y trees in royal gardens made;
t. James's, where a noble care
all things pleasing like himself appear;
ısington, sweet air and blest retreat
ı, that owns a Sovereign, though most great *.

eorge Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen,
admired these fine gardens. — They were pur-
by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch;
ılarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen
who was so pleased with the place, that she fre-
r supped during the summer in the Green-house.
Caroline extended the gardens to their present
ıree miles and a half in compass. N.

Some-

Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft' admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage-rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns,
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame;
A ſubject fit for never-dying fame:
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;

Leſt

Left the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes, for your country's ſake:
Eaſe to their beauties' wounds may goodneſs give;
And, ſince you make all happy, let you live.

Sometimes theſe Beauties on New-market plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-atteſted breeds.
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.

It is no treacherous or baſe piece of art,
T'approve the ſide with which the Fair takes part:
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike,
Either in commendation or diſlike.
For, when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we 're ſpectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we ſtart!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove,
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.
Therefore, if chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip, or be untied,

Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the Fair.
We offer ſmall things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heaven does ſeem again to raiſe;
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſter-ſtroke
In every thing ſhe did, and all ſhe ſpoke;
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again;
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great*.
Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations, that ſhe *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' eaſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps, and eight well-choſen ſteeds,
From every palace Beauties may be ſeen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court. N.

Much

Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk;
The anſwers are the Lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was 't that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chuſe the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt,
" Preſides o'er councils of the Royal breaſt?
" Sea-fights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war?
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got ſome Envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian Lords appear?
" Who repreſents the Line of Hanover?
" Don't The States General aſſiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood?
" At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the Conqueror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wiſh but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on theſe brows ſhould ever live!"

The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair,
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
And Valour flies, where Beauty 's the reward.

PART II.

IN Love-affairs the Theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where Vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And Virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendſhip find return,
But treacherous Inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees,
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who, till *ſhe* ſends it, never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt
By their corruption grow the worſt;
The modern Stage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So ſwarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the Comedy,
For to be ſeen, and not to ſee.
But, though theſe females are to blame,
Yet ſtill they have ſome native ſhame:

They all are ſilent till they 're aſk'd;
And ev'n their impudence is maſk'd:
For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there 's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM;
Where Baſtards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were liſted all to be commanders.
But then the raſcals were ſo poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore;
And neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with ſuch Scrubs they 'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No Ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the garret flying.
The Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
The Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
Paris and Helen was the Play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this Opera no rate is;
They all were free to come in *gratis*:

And they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
Not without whiſpering, and winking.
Their pipes had then no ſhaking touch:
Their ſong and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Becauſe they had no Eunuchs then.
But, whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd,
Romulus at his cue diſplay'd
The ſign for each man to his maid.
"Huzza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
In real fact, though moſt diſſemble.
Some are attempting an eſcape,
And others ſoftly cry, "A rape!"
Whilſt ſome bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound loſe an old father."
Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wiſh they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
And others fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
To ſhew they 're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at laſt,
After ſo many ages paſt,
Their rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame;
Their vice and villainy 's the ſame.
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the Stage,
And ſpoil the true corrector of the age!

PART

PART III.

NOW learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
Thoſe beauties which you ſee divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
And would be ſeen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay
In the meridian pitch of calmeſt day.
'Tis then we purple view, and coſtly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults ſeek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconſtant too.
When Modeſty ſupported is by Truth,
There is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.
In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence ſometimes will try
At things which Juſtice cannot but deny.
Then, what that ſays is Inſolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.

Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With ſly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,

When

When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye:
She 'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine;
She 'd rather trudge among the Kine.
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
" Sure my glaſs lies, I 'm not ſo fair:
" Oh, were this face o'er-grown with hair!
" I never was for top-knots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I 'm liker to a Sow
" Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow —
" What would I give that I could lough!
" My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
" Did he but love me, he 'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe 'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She 'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;

Say,

Say, "How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
"Runs on, and then turns back again!
"She ſeems a Bear reſolv'd to prance,
"Or a She-aſs that tries to dance.
"In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine:
"She can't pleaſe Bull-y, for he 's mine.
"But 'tis revenge alone aſſuages
"My envy when the paſſion rages.
"Here, Raſcal, quickly yoke that Cow,
"And ſee the ſhrivel'd carrion plough.
"But ſecond counſel 's beſt: ſhe dies:
"I 'll make immediate ſacrifice,
"And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
"'Tis thus my Rivals I 'll remove,
"Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.
"Io in Egypt 's worſhip'd now,
"Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
"'Twas on a Bull Europa came
"To that bleſt land which bears her name.
"Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
"The languiſhing Paſiphaë,
"Had I a Bull as kind as ſhe!"
When madneſs rages with unuſual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench deſire;
Then Vice transforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
And ſo the monſter 's made the Poet's jeſt.

PART

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when feather'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay.
Then courage riſes, when the ſpirit 's fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd:
Care vaniſhes through the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart.
Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run,
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun;
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs;
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good-nature will take t'other ſup,
If ſhe 'll firſt kiſs, that he may kiſs the cup.
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Huſband 's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a ſpy,

He

He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedneſs of a true friend;
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree:
The perſon that is meant by all is *he*.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion.
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatic ſtealth,
She is the toaſt belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's buſineſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from ſleep:
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But ſtill the Gentleman 's extremely fine;
There 's nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a girl had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand:
And half-awake ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ankles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?

You

You in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit;
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtroling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market:
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd left he ſhould break their pates.
But, as along in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their houting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.

And

And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I 'm come, my dear;
"I 'll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted, "She ſhould have no harm:
"But rather would aſſure her, he
"Rejoic'd in opportunity
"Of meeting ſuch a one as ſhe:
"And that, encircled all around
"With glaſs and candles many a pound,
"She ſhould with bells command the bar,
"And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
"That the good company were met,
"And ſhould not want a wedding-treat."
In ſhort, they married, and both made ye,
He a free Landlord, ſhe a kind Landlady.
The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an exceſs of drink in children's ſight.
The parent thus their innocence would ſave,
And to the load of Wine condemn the ſlave.

PART

PART V.

THE ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe Gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its Feſtival as well as Faſt,
Nor does its Carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What 's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope*, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

Sub-

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls
"The Mob of Gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He

Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be.
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.
HOPE is an uſeful Goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs.
Though much is loſt at play; yet HOPE at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your Letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh Youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings conſiſt of Tranſlations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with ſome Love Songs and Lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miſcellanies. He died ſome time in the year 1680. N.

Dreſs

Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
  Suppoſe that your firſt Letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
  Suppoſe ſh' has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
  Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She 's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the Play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe 'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you 'll find
Majeſtic Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
  It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.

Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolytus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.
No youth that's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory's told:
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;

Whea

When Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain,
"The Gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Buſiris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: No law more juſt
Than, "He that thinks of ill, ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs, they ſay, at perjury in Love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to rob the mind of eaſe.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.

Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long:
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.

But,

But, when they ſought the country round,
There 's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him:
" My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
" This once for to become a lady.
" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe you 're ſomething of the talleſt.
" I 'd have you never go unlac'd,
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do.
" You'd perfect all you now begin,
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, " Whilſt ſhe 'd ſtay,
" His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."

At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt:
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They 'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe, undreſt in night-gown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,
And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
"Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"
"Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded."
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe,
By timely changing of her cloaths.
Thus, whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun,
Into the ſnares of Vice we run;
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
In female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wiſhes with ſucceſs are crown'd.
Not Io Pæans, when Apollo 's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Auguſtus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it muſt you to ſee a Beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you 'll give,
Like Heſiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
Thus proſperous Jaſon, rich with golden fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber ſail'd to Greece.
But ſtay, fond Youth; the danger is not paſt:
You 're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor caſt.
From you my heart may ſtill more bays deſerve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you ſhall preſerve.
Nor than the conqueſt is the glory leſs,
To fix the throne on that which you poſſeſs.
Now, Erato, divineſt, ſofteſt Muſe,
Whoſe name and office both do Love infuſe,
Aſſiſt my great deſign: If Venus' Son,
That vagabond, would from his mother run,
And then, with ſoaring wings and body light,
Through the vaſt world's extent would take his flight;

By artful bonds let me ſecure his ſtay,
And make his univerſal power obey.
Whilſt I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to ſhackle Love,
Two neighbours that were ſtanding by,
Tormented both with jealouſy,
Told me it was in vain to try.
When one began his tale, as thus:
"Perhaps you 've heard of Dædalus,
"When Minos would have made him ſtay,
"How through the clouds he found his way.
"He was a workman wiſe and good,
"Building was what he underſtood.
"Like to the houſe where we act Plays,
"He made a turning winding maze,
"Fitting to harbour acts of ſin,
"And put a Whore and Baſtard in.
"I 've done your work; and now my truſt i
"Good Sir, that you will do me juſtice.
"'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
"Let my misfortunes go no further:
"Some end all punishments ſhould have.
"Birth to the wretch my country gave:
"Let it afford me now a grave.
"Diſmiſs my ſon; at leaſt, if rather
"You 'd keep the boy, diſmiſs his Father.
"This he might ſay, and more, or ſo;
"But Minos would not let him go.
"At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
"It is in danger wit is tried:

"M

" Minos poſſeſſes Earth and Sea;
" The ſky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your ſeats above.
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not gueſſing, ere he was much older,
" He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me, juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun.
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that, be ſure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, ſhould they flag.

" Between

" Between them both the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking, he with whipcord-ſtrings
" Faſtens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth's completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the Eagle from her neſt
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun, and mount the ſkies;
" The Father ſo his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and fluttering noiſe,
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs, with bold art ſupplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,
" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:

" Lebinthus

" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! Father!" he 'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,

And

And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be fold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that 's born with wings.
Quoth t' other man, "Sir, if you 'll tarry,
"I 'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
"Would make a man afraid to marry.
"This Boy does oft' from paper white
"In miniature produce a Kite.
"With tender hands the wood he bends,
"On which the body he extends:
"Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
"Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
"Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
"With promiſe of return to-morrow.
"With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
"Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
"The tail, that 's an eſſential part,
"He manages with equal art;
"With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
"As not too near, nor yet too wide,
"Which he to fitting length extends,
"Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
"Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
"Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
"Which, by the guidance of his hand,
"Its riſe or downfall may command;
"Or carry meſſengers to ſee
"If all above in order be.

"Then

" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place,
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying-pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now,' mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The Poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His Mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe 'll with Cuckold-makers run.

" No

" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if escape she 'll try;
" The Kite will to her carrion fly."

Where native Modesty the mind secures,
The Husband has no need of locks and doors;
The specious Comet, fram'd by Jealousy,
Will prove delusion all, and all a lye.

PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by sage Medea found,
Not Marsan drugs, though mixt with mo found,
Not philtres studied by Thessalian art,
Can fix the mind, and constancy impart.
Could these prevail, Jason had felt their charms;
Ulysses still had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outside will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the rose-tree left.
Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.

Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.
" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
" Here 's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
" Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
" Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
" When a tenth wave did with one ſtaſh deſtroy
" The platform of imaginary Troy.
" By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
" To ſee what names the waters toſs'd away.
" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me;
" No mention made of old Penelope.
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found you, ſo may you find them juſt.
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be wafted with the wind."

Fond

Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain.
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh, that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
But, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend;
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And Wolves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
The ſociable Swallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.

Smooth

Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
At your approach, find every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove, and Graces Three.
Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Mauſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife *," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.

You'd

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman,

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite riſes from the ſea.
If by her the purpureal velvet 's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn.
And, when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the Autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;

juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638. N.

When

When ſwelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand;
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.
Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When ſhe recovers, full increaſe of Love.
Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which antient Fables beſt deride;
Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in Heaven;
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt;
And, that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who ſhould his Heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in women's cloaths,

Her mind ſhe did vouchſafe one day
Thus to her Lover to diſplay:
" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
" Think you I 'll let a Tanner in?
" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.
" Your club 's abundantly too thick
" For one ſhall move a fiddle-ſtick.
" What ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you ſhall ſee a Lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly underſtood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my Maids I 'll place ye.
" When you 're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You 'll ſcrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't ſtick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bleſs me! you 've nothing of an air.
" You 'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then, beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye,
" An idle-hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I 'll begin,
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and control'd by me.

" Look

" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.
" There is no Lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We 've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,

" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bade the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the ſtable.
" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot wheels.
" Through Dog-ſtar's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow.
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhowers of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas,
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You 'll find my ſervants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your ſuperiors now.

" No

" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As Shells by Neptune caſt on ſhore;
" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees.
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door 's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my Maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.

" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
" Leſt all your danger be not found."
When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

NOT by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be;
To the ſame port you 'll different paſſage find
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant, hover o'er their neſt:

Hence

Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
His twenty winters' abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.
Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair

In

In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted;
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, " 'Tis his fault to be gone;
" It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
" A vacant pillow 's ſuch a jeſt,
" That with it I could never reſt.
" He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
" To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
" Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
" Left to their vigilance to keep.
" Pray who, except 'twere Geeſe or Widgeons,
" Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
" Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
" That Menelaus now were dead:
" A pretty figure I ſhould make
" To go in mourning for his ſake.
" She that in widow's garb appears,
" Eſpecially when at my years,
" May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.

" But

" But I 'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,
And to a bruti ſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magic rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he 's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;

But, when Lyrneſſis captive 's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poet's brain;
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves,
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine, to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.

Then

Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There 's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
"LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
"Some men are happy in a charming face:
"Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
"Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
"I 'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.

The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water, ſtarv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt,
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtic charms;
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by ſlendereſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant Gods and Heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its Conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies,
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes, like the palm, oppreſt.
And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,

Till

Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftineſs is ſhown,
To raiſe your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there 's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I 'll lay before you.
  Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His whole complexion was a fallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronger,
T'other ſpiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, haſty:
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize;
But then ſhe was not over-wiſe:
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the Bully of the place, is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they 're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till impudence defied the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there ſuch roguery? I 'll ſee!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a ſnap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All thoſe he plac'd in the beſt room,
Then feign'd that he muſt go from home;

For

For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
  Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.
They went to bed, and ſo were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The ſhow being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove ſhould be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious ſcold;
Neptune, firſt Bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the Oyſter-woman's daughter;
Pluto, that Chimney-ſweeping ſloven;
With Proſerpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that 's ſharp and cunning
In ſtealing cuſtoms and in running;
And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin;
And Æſculapius, the Surgeon;
Apollo, who might be Phyſician,
Or ſerve them elſe for a Muſician;
The Piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules ſhould bring his club in,
To give the Rogue a luſty drubbing;
And all the Cupids ſhould be by,
To ſee their Mother's infamy.
  One Momus cried, "You 're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd:
"For, when ſo publickly you find it,
"People, you know, will little mind it.

" They love to tell what no one knows,
" And they themſelves only ſuppoſe.
" Not every huſband can afford
" To be a Cuckold on record;
" Nor ſhould he be a Cuckold ſtyl'd,
" That once or ſo has been beguil'd,
" Unleſs he makes it demonſtration,
" Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
" With general voice of all the nation."

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left-ſide pocket groping,
Cries, " 'Tis but opening of that door,
" To prove myſelf a Cuckold, her a Whore."
They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they 'd believe ſince witneſſes were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themſelves.
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.

The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle-wreaths around it throw.
In Phyſick's Art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in Court, Achilles in the Field;
As Ajax had in ſingle Combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the Horſe;

As

As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which mayn't ſo ſounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthefilea's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield,
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;

Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth, inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itſelf a female name,
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity?
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That Female Warriors to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile:
The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea:
Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the ſhore.
Æneas wreckt, and hoſpitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come too late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,

Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
"What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
"Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
"Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
"With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
"Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
"But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:
"But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
"He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
"Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
"'Tis by the Ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what 's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.

The Eagles caſt their bills, the Stag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay;
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This Lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A Tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:

"I've

" I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There 's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I 'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair;
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
" Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff;
" With Hats upon their pates like Hives;
" Things might become ſuch Soldiers wives;
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them.
" Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
" No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.

" Your Goldſmiths now are mighty neat:
" I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
" Whate'er a Ship from India brings,
" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
" The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
" And, what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.
" When you 're unmarried, never load ye
" With Jewels; they may incommode ye.
" Lovers mayn't dare approach; but moſtly
" They 'll fear when married you 'll be coſtly.
" Fine Rings and Lockets beſt are tried,
" When given to you as a Bride.
" In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expence.
" Sometimes your Hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
" All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs:
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory:
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they 're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhions change each day;
" Not birds in foreſts, flowers in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.

" There

" There is a ſort of negligence,
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be deſcried;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air, that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this ſo neglected Hair,
" Many a Heart has found its ſnare.
" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things; more we invent:
" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our Beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling treſſes fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe Hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praiſe Heaven, no want of Spaniſh Wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the White and Red.
" In Covent Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our Lilies and our Roſes.
" Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that 's black?

" Let

" Let not theſe boxes open lie :
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not diſſembled would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face :
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover,
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a Lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands ?
" Though the idea 's not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,
" Yet, when 'twill with freſh luſtre ſhine,
" Her ſpark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That Picture there your eye does ſtrike ;
" It is the work of great Van Dyck,
" Which by a Roman would be fainted :
" What was 't but canvaſs till 'twas painted ?
" There 's ſeveral things ſhould not be known :
" O'er theſe there is a curtain drawn,
" Till 'tis their ſeaſon to be ſhown.
" Your door on fit occaſions keep
" Faſt ſhut : who knows but you 're aſleep ?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what elſe at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we 're ſaid to riſe.
" There was a Lady whom I knew,
" That muſt be nameleſs 'cauſe 'tis true,
" Who had the diſmaleſt miſchance
" I 've heard of ſince I was in France :
" I do proteſt, the thoughts of it
" Have almoſt put me in a fit.

" Old

" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open: and pray who ſhould come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head:
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead.
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we ſquall.
" But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them,
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You 're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you 'll taller ſeem:
" You 're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By looſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape 's reveal'd.
" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.

" Some

" Some backs and ſides are wav'd like billows:
" Theſe holes are beſt made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always ſhould command
" Without the ſtretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth ſhould never ſee
" A play, unleſs a Tragedy:
" For we can teach you how to ſimper,
" And when 'tis proper you ſhould whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for ſomething more than breath
" Juſt ſhew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n' ſcai quoi* is found
" In a ſoft ſmooth affected ſound:
" But there 's a ſhrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are ſome, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to ſhut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propos*,
" They ſeem like hautboys to a ſhow.
" But now for the reverſe: 'tis ſkill
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of uſe when people die;
" Or elſe to have the ſpleen, and cry,
" Becauſe you have no reaſon why.
" Now for your talk — Come, let me ſee:
" Here loſe your *H*, here drop your *T*;
" Deſpiſe that *R*: your ſpeech is better
" Much for deſtroying of one letter.

" Now

" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it ſhould be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There 's many dancing-maſters treat
" Of management of ladies' feet.
" There 's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo, or Malherbe *,
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our Author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of " Malherbe." N.

" How

" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May;
" Your filamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let 's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There 's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There 's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we 're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.

" I 'd

" I 'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they 're diſpoſing for the Play,
" We 'll haſten to the Opera:
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe,
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam,
" For cheapneſs ſake they 'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er yet purſued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and Poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.

" Had Danaë been ſhut up ſtill,
" She 'd been a Maid againſt her will,
" And might have grown prodigious old,
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair Maids ſhould run a-gadding,
" To ſet the amorous Beaux a-madding.
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one;
" And many a Partridge ſcapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its prey:
" And ſo, if pretty Damſels rove,
" They 'll find out *one* perhaps may love;
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The Fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome Eel may bite.
" Each with their different grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, Widows with tears,
" Which gain new Huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh Beaux
" Like us in all things but their cloaths;
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt:
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.

" Though

" Though they all marks of Love pretend,
" There 's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloaths,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d've run?"
" Why, Madam, I 've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows;
Yet often Goodneſs moſt prevails
When Beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There 's nothing but will eaſy prove,
When all the reſt 's made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in Muſic be;
For what 's more like themſelves than Harmony?
Let not Vice uſe it only to betray,
As Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.
Let it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine:
For there 's a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
And charm'd the moſtſtrous inſtruments of Hell.
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilſt to the work officious marble ran.
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute Fiſh ſafe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the Female wit
Leſs charming in the verſes they have writ.
From ancient ages, Love has found the way
Its baſhful thoughts by Letters to convey;
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
That pity makes the Fair write back again.
What 's thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
Then with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.

As he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
A cruel Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:
Whilſt Chudleigh's ‡ words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.

Oh,

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoreſs of ſeventeen Plays, two volumes of Novels, ſeveral Tranſlations, and many Poems. N.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of Letters, publiſhed many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preſerved amongſt his Works. N.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the

Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of War.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t' other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their God, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:
The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,

year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume, 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects in Proſe and Verſe, 1710." N.

His

His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The Poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.
The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,

Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the Painter now the Poets join
To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
Firſt ſee how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorſet, in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace, combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For Love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax, where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works, who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.
Learn Prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben, or Spenſer, did before:
And mark him well that uncouth Phyſick's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of Wit impart.
See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his ſlave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.

Through

Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye-balls ſhoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.

Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there 's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole 's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe.
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.

at Love is pleaſing in its pain,
ithout reluctance health obtain.
ay tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
ot to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground;
muſt follow the neglected wound.
erent ages Love bears different ſway,
ious turns to make all ſorts obey.
unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
he Runner deſtin'd for the race;
ith time and maſters we prepare
g'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
ithout impatience be denied.
ove a Rival you afford,
preſent a trial for his ſword:
warmth diſdains to be perplext,
les to the beauty that is next.
ears proceed with care and ſenſe,
ey ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
t knows reſiſtance is in vain,
ewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
l that 's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
es him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
grees he fans the gentle fire,
erance makes the flame aſpire.
's more ſure, the other is more gay;
e roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
uick ſurrender, but a ſiege;

That

That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.
Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch Beaux * as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.

* It is obvious that this word conveys at preſent a very different idea from its original ſignification; which was plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman*.—How different are the manly Beaux of Farquhar from the preſent Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have ariſen between them! The genuine Beau appears to have been corrupted by a ſervile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit-maitre* of our neighbour nation; a title affected by ſuch of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand-maitre*, Louis the Fourteenth. From theſe came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs; and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macarony! N.

What

What they desire they think is true,
With small encouragement from you.
They will a single look improve,
And take civilities for love.
" We all expected you at play:
" Was 't not a Mistress made you stay?"
The Beau is fir'd, cries, " Now I find
" I out of pity must be kind:
" She sigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, soaring to the lively flame,
We see the vain ambitious Fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying,
To set an easy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.
There is a Mount, Hymettus styl'd,
Where Pinks and Rosemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet Bays and Laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,

And all his dusty labour done,
In the meridian of the sun,
Into some secret hedge would creep,
And sing, and hum himself asleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for some cooler cry:
"O now, if some
"Cooler would come!
"Dearest, rarest,
"Loveliest, fairest,
"Cooler, come!
"Oh, AIR,
"Fresh and rare;
"Dearest, rarest,
"Lovelicst, fairest,
"Cooler, come; Cooler, come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him sing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females usually don't want
A Fellow-gossip that will cant;
Who still is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries spiteful tales.
She thought that she might raise some strife
By telling something to his Wife:
That once upon a time she stood
In such a place, in such a wood,
On such a day, and such a year,
There did, at least there did appear
('Cause for the world she would not lye,
As she must tell her by the bye)

Her

Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
" Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
" But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, " Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
" And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
" She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
" And he'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
" And now, (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
" How time and place, and all agree:
" But here's a covert, where I'll lie,
" And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face;

And

And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler;
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I 've kill'd my Deer."—
"Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
"By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:
"For 'tis a paſſion that does move
"Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they fought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.

The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.

Unbrace

Unbrace Love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat Ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, "They were by OVID taught."

An incomparable ODE of MALHERBE's *, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of FRANCE † and ANNE of AUSTRIA.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

Cette Anne ſi belle,	This Anna ſo fair,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,	So talk'd of by fame,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?	Why don't ſhe appear?
Vrayment, elle a tort!	Indeed, ſhe 's to blame!
Son Loüis ſoûpire	Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Apres ſes appas:	Of her charms, as they ſay;
Que veut elle dire,	What excuſe can ſhe make
Que elle ne vient pas?	For not coming away?
Si il ne la poſſéde,	If he does not poſſeſs,
Il s'en va mourir;	He dies with deſpair;
Donnons y reméde,	Let 's give him redreſs,
Allons la querir.	And go find out the Fair.

* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of theſe three words, " as they ſay;" which he thinks is excuſable, if we conſider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*, IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold

* Written to pleaſe a Gentleman, who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has deſervedly gained a laſting reputation. KING.

Waters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that have ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in a morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leaden-hall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, which is not dear, the Plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtiled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it, "The Furmetary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen-taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſ-

ſible. It is my caſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the "greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries about this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

CANTO I.

NO ſooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paſt,
And baſket-women did to Market haſte;
The Watchmen were but juſt returning home,
To give the Thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A ſtately pile was offer'd to the ſight;
Three ſpacious doors let paſſengers go through,
And diſtant ſtones did terminate their view:
Juſt here, as ancient Poets ſing, there ſtood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland ſtone,
Each ſide ſupported by a god-like ſon *:

But,

* As Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the preſent age, will be leſs intelligible to the

But, underneath, all the three heroes ſhine,
In living colours, drawn upon a ſign,
Which ſhews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.

Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars,
When brought by Uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little, ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
"Thou, Goddeſs Famine, that canſt ſend us blights,
"With parching heat by day, and ſtorm by nights,

riſing generation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forſter, who, after having been himſelf confined there, became lord mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Elizabeth on the Weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the Eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Elizabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. N.

"Aſſiſt

" Aſſiſt me now: ſo may all lands be thine,
" And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
" Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I muſt confeſs, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And bleſs thy power, to find they 've no ſupplies.
" I thank thee for thoſe Martyrs, who would flee
" From ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullneſs of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately ſhown,
" When men, that bravely have their country ſerv'd,
" Receiv'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd,
" And are preferr'd to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can deſpiſe
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When Peaſe, and Mackarel, with their harſher ſound,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miſcarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of Fleet,
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
" A faithleſs Syren does entice the ſenſe,
" By fumes of viands, which ſhe does diſpenſe
" To mortal ſtomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilſt each man's earlieſt thoughts would baniſh me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had for a Huſband ſtaid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus ſhe ſaid:
" My darling ſon, whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmile,
" And Happineſs would over-run this iſle,
" I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
" I 've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war:
" In ſpite of us, A does on Veniſon feed,
" And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F's generous ſoul,
" To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
" H I's good-nature, from his endleſs ſtore,
" Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
" And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat.
" Nice eating by R, S, is underſtood;
" T's ſupper, though but little, yet is good;
" U's converſation 's equal to his wine,
" You ſup with W, whene'er you dine:

" X,

" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-houſe they find;
" Pleaſant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
" Sometimes with muſick, and ſometimes with play,
" Prolong their pleaſures till th' approaching day.
" AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets uſe,
" The ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
" No ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
" Nor has he any conſtant place to dine,
" But all his notions of a meal are mine.
" Haſte, haſte, to him, a bleſſing give from me,
" And bid him write ſharp things on FURMETRY.
" But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
" And let Tobacco too thy buſineſs know;
" With famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
" Rely on Sagoe, who is always wiſe.
Amidſt ſuch counſel, baniſh all deſpair;
" Truſt me, you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
" That project which they FURMETARY call,
" Before next Breakfaſt-time ſhall ſurely fall!"
This ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
Soon knew her by her ſcent, and by her ſound.

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the bleſt comm
That FURMETARY ſhould no longer ſtan
With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
" Ariſe, my friend; for upon thee do wait
" Diſmal events and prodigies of Fate!
" 'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
" And all thy other liquors for a war:
" Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
" Illuminated round with beams of light,
" To my impatient mind will cauſe delight.
" How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
" To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
" Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
" For he has courage in the midſt of charms:
" Sagoe with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
" But then his wiſdom countervails his pains;
" 'Tis he ſhall be your guide, he ſhall effect
" That glorious conqueſt which we all expect:
" The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force
" He 'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is wo
" Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's Horſe.
" For his reward, this he ſhall have each day,
" *Drink Coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay.*"
It was not long ere the Grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order ſet.

Then Sagoe, riſing, ſaid, "I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
" Our great deſign admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we muſt all obey:
" That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
" Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
" Her Spoons and Porringers, with art diſplay'd,
" Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro ſtout,
" Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms;
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurprize ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *diſpenſe* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of ſtate.
In the mean time, Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A numerous ſquadron of the tender ſex;
What with ſtrong ſmoak, and with his ſtronger breath,
He funks Baſketia and her ſon to death.

Coffedro

Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried ſcalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrums' ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though ſurpriz'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous Plums like hail-ſhot flew about,
And Plenty ſoon diſpers'd the *meagre* rout.

So have I ſeen, at Fair that 's nam'd from Horn,
Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;
In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage,
With threats would frighten, with ſoft words engage;
Until, through Milky gauntlet ſoundly beat,
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
" Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas!"

MULLY

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN *.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN †! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;
For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Peaſe;
For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheeſe.
May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly!
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a Pye.
May fat Geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want Gooſeberries or Apple-ſauce!
Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens!
May thy black Pigs lie warm in little ſtye,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muſes' moſt delicious theme;
Oh! may thy Codlins ever ſwim in Cream!
Thy Raſp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion. KING.

† A pleaſant villa to the South of Dublin, near the ſea.

Thy

Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand Syllabub *.
Thy Tarts to Tarts; Cheese-cakes to Cheese-cakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing Wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its Lord †!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you 're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you 're going now to make is *drink*;
Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men:

* "Peace to thy gentle shade, sweet-smiling Henni-"ver!" — would have been our Author's ejaculation, if he had lived in 1775; when the admirers of this "gentle viand" lamented the irreparable loss of the foundress of the Lactarium.

"Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore defit;"

"My milk in summer's drought, nor winter fails;"

was the Matron's invitation to the publick; whilst her happy cottage presented the liveliest reflection of its benignant owner:

"Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!"

"What luscious milk, what rural stores are mine!" N.

† Judge Upton.

For

For ſurely, Peggy, while that drink does laſt,
'Tis Peggy will be *toaſted* or *diſgrac'd*.
Then, if thy Ale in *glaſs* thou would'ſt confine,
To make its ſparkling rays in beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white ſubſtance to the ſurface fly,
And, floating there, diſturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
"Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they reſign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happieſt ſtate,
Not by their fault, but ſome o'er-ruling Fate!
Although fair flowers, that juſtly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a power to groan!
But all thoſe things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle Lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And, when ſhe ſees the Butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taſte,
With pride, ſtill lays man's *fellow-mortals* waſte:
What earth and waters breed, or air inſpires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

MULLY,

MULLY, a Cow, ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front, did Mountown's paſtures grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and, with a gentle ſtream,
Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily *fed*:
"But Innocence cannot itſelf defend,
"'Gainſt treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
"Friend."

ROBIN of Derby-ſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place *, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry;
"Mully, as ſure as I 'm alive, you die!
"'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Chriſtmas comes,
"Theſe Shins ſhall make the Porridge grac'd with Plums
"Then, 'midſt our cups, whilſt we profuſely *dine*,
"This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's Chine.
"What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, ſtew'd
"and roaſt!
"There ſhan't one ſingle Tripe of her be loſt!"

* The Devil's Arſe of Peak; deſcribed by Hobbes in a Poem "De Mirabilibus Pecci," the beſt of his poetical performances. N.

When

When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard theſe
ſounds,
She grieſv'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
" What crime," ſaid ſhe, " has gentle Mully done?
" Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting Sun,
" That knows what Milk ſhe conſtantly would give!
" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a ſprightly Swain, that us'd to ſlaſh
The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calaſh,
To Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly,
He 'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
" You 've ſpoke," ſays Robin; " but now, let me
" tell ye,
" 'Tis not fair ſpoken *words* that fill the *belly*:
" Pudding and Beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
" To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup.
" You ſay ſhe 's innocent: but what of that?
" 'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe 's *fat!*
" And that which is prevailing in this caſe
" Is, there 's another Cow to fill her place.
" And, granting Mully to have Milk in ſtore,
" Yet ſtill this other Cow will give us more.
" She dies." — Stop here, my Muſe: forbear the reſt:
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt!

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

AS Poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let 's know,
If any one will do ſo now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the Siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh Harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as ſoon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe,
For country folks, ten thouſand lyes;
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *ſtrings*;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a Stag,
And, by the help of pleaſing ditties,
Make Mill-ſtones run, and build up Cities;
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue,
If Dicé ſcolded, Orpheus ſung.

And

And ſo, by diſcord without ſtrife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters ſtood,
They got an honeſt livelihood.
  Happy were mortals, could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were Poets, could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!
  But, as theſe two went ſtroling on,
Poor Dicé's ſcene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath muſt fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
  This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her ſtation;
How briſk ſhe was ſtill to advance
The Harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune obſerve her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money ſtill.
  Orpheus beſt knew what loſs he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almoſt mad,
And in deſpair to Linus ran,
Who was eſteem'd a Cunning-man;
Cried, "He again muſt Dicé have,
"Or elſe be buried in her grave."
  Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your ſorrow:
"What fails to-day, may ſpeed to-morrow.
"Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honeſt man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.

" If ſuch a bleſſing might be had,
" To change a living wife for dead,
" I 'd be your chapman; nay, I 'd do 't,
" Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
" Conſider firſt, you ſave her diet;
" Conſider next, you keep her quiet:
" For, pray, what was ſhe all along,
" Except the burthen of your ſong?
" What, though your Dicé 's under ground;
" Yet many a woman may be found,
" Who, in your gains if ſhe may part take,
" Truſt me, will quickly make your heart ach:
" Then reſt content, as widowers ſhould —
" The Gods beſt know what 's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
" Is 't poſſible!" cried he; " and can
" That noble creature, married man,
" In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?
" I 'll fly thee far as I would Death,
" Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her Witch;
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell

" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The Powers above, and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"
She ſmilingly replied, " I 'll tell
" This eaſily without a ſpell:
" The wife you look for 's gone to Hell —
" Nay, never ſtart, man, for 'tis ſo;
" Except one ill-bred wife or two,
" The faſhion is, for all to go.
" Not that ſhe will be damn'd; ne'er fear
" But ſhe may get preferment there.
" Indeed, ſhe might be fried in pitch,
" If ſhe had been a bitter bitch;
" If ſhe had leapt athwart a ſword,
" And afterwards had broke her word.
" But your Eurydice, poor ſoul!
" Was a good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
" Except a little cattervawling,
" Was always painful in her calling;
" And, I dare truſt old Pluto for 't,
" She will find favour in his Court:
" But then to fetch her back, that ſtill
" Remains, and may be paſt my ſkill;
" For, 'tis too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
" You 're the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſtion;
" For huſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves,
" They care for little but themſelves.
" And then one rogue cries to another,
" Since this wife 's gone, e'en get another:

" Though moſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
" And ſwear they 've had enough of *one*.
" But, ſince you are ſo kind to Dicé,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
" E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
" Th' effect of Muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to Hell — and you may ſwear
" She had but little Muſick there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing-days are done;
" She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what 's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on — Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make;
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folk ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find

Scarce

Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will Muſick do 't ?" cried he. " Ne'er heed:
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the Devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormondize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to thoſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will haſte ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?

" 'Tis that Queen's birth-day which you ſee,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no Ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dicé when ſhe little thought it;
" When you beneath the yew-tree ſat,
" We 've come, and all danc'd round your Hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
" Theſe little chits would make one ſwear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt diſdain and fear.
" And dare theſe Urchins jeer my croſſes,
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's loſſes?
" Hands off — the monkeys hold the faſter;
" Sirrahs, I am going to your Maſter!"
" Good words," quoth Oberon: " don't ſlinch;
" For, every time you ſtir, I 'll pinch;
" But, if you decently ſit down,
" I 'll firſt equip you with a crown;
" Then for each dance, and for each ſong,
" Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceſſity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's paſſing-bell;
At laſt, night let him eaſe his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers ſeldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you 're welcome."

" Madam,

"Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion.
"Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
"What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
"For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

"SIR,

"A roaſted ant, that 's nicely done,
"By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
"Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine poach'd;
"This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
"'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
"And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
"This is a diſh entirely new,
"Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
"Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' hopes,
"Things to be eat by microſcopes;
"Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
"This a delicious rainbow-tart!"

"Madam, I find, they 're very nice,
"And will digeſt within a trice;
"I ſee there 's nothing you eſteem,
"That 's half ſo groſs as our whipt-cream;
"And I infer, from all theſe meats,
"That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."

"But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "perhaps you 're dry!"
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
"You 've taken care, my dear Endia,
"All 's ready for my Ratifia."

"SIR,

"A drop of water, newly torn
"Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn,
"A pearl of milk, that 's gently preſt
"From blooming Hebe's early breaſt,
"With half a one of Cupid's tears,
"When he in embryo firſt appears;
"And honey from an infant bee;
"Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!"
"Madam," ſays he, "an't pleaſe your Grace,
"I 'm going to a drought'y place;
"And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
"The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
"Fetch me," ſaid ſhe; "a mighty bowl,
"Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
"And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
"With juice that makes the Britons bold.
"This from ſeven barley-corns I drew,
"Its years are ſeven, and to the view
"'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
"But ſtay —
"When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd,
"To act my pranks in t'other world,
"I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking,
"With mighty mirth and little thinking,
"Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
"I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
"And in this cryſtal have them here,
"Perhaps you 'll like it more than Beer."

Wine

Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And Men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of Harmony:
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting,
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the milleners' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops;
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening Fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
"Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
"To ſee you out of Fairy Land,

"Into

" Into the Realm of Nofnotbocai,
" But let not fear or fulphur choak ye;
" For he 's a Fiend of ſenſe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to let."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe,
Out walk the Fidler and the Priſnet.
They ſoon arrive, find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's ſhewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, ſomething ſtrange; this honeſt man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He ſays, he 'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, ſmiling, cried, " You ſee,
" Orpheus, you 'd better ſtay with me.
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were ſold,
" Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
" Shall riſe the Whore of Babylon;
" And this ſame Whore ſhall be a Man,
" Who, by his lyes and cheating, can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then

Devil comes to take the ſoul,
carry him down to this hole;
f a man have ſtore of wealth,
t ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
Devil has then no more to do,
muſt be forc'd to let him go.
'e are no more fools than they,
to be bubbled of our prey.
eſe ſame pious Frauds and Lyes,
many Monaſteries riſe:
ſhall get good meat and beer,
ay folks out that ne'er came here;
pots, and kettles, ſhall be given,
tch a man from hence to Heaven.
ſe a man has taken purſes,
len ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
chances to be hang'd; you 'd cry,
im be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
, ſays the Friar; let me alone,
but to Purgatory gone;
if you 'll let our Convent keep
: purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,
ellow ſhall find no more pain,
if he were alive again."
Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
" Could I find the Whore you ſpake on,
ive him my beſt flitch of bacon:
ive him cake and ſugar'd ſack,
would bring my Dicé back:

" Rather

" Rather than she should longer stay,
" I 'd find some lusty man to *prey*.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare say, would requite the Friar."
Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
Such goodness and simplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that 's seldom swept,
Where seeds of villainy are kept.
" Orpheus," said he, " I 'd have you take
" Some of these seeds here, for my sake;
" Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
" Throughout the parts of t'other world,
" They may oblige the Fiend you sue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow *pride-seed* uppermost; then above
" *Envy* and *scandal* plant *self-love*.
" Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cause*,
" And here *contempt of honesty and laws*;
" This hot seed 's *anger*, and this hotter *lust*,
" Best sown with *breach of friendship*, and *of trust*:
" These *storm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempest* seeds;
" And this a quintessence of weeds;
" This the worst sort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himself bespoke,
" Nourish it well, 'tis useful *treachery*;
" This is a choice though little seed, a *lye*:
" Here take some now from these prodigious loads
" Of tender things that look like Toads:

" In

" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed; though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly;
" Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes;
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes,
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between.
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I 'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—" let me ſee—
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I 'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,

" Unleſs

" Unleſs you 'll drink ſome Arſenick Claret:
" 'Tis burnt, you ſee: but Sam can ſpare it."
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But Love, and I an inſtance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The ſtyle and paſſion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood.*"
He ſang; and pains themſelves found eaſe;
For griefs, when well expreſs'd, can pleaſe.
When he deſcrib'd the children's loſs,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moſs;
To hear the pity of thoſe birds,
Av'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.
&c.

RUFINUS;

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

)FT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
hether this lower world by Chance does move,
guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
ıw Nature lives immutably the ſame;
ıw ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
ıe rolling ſurges of the briny main;
ıw conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
ıw Day and Night alternately appear;
ıen am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
ne Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
ne Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
ho rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
ho decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
ıd fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally an-
ted, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the
ke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party
e than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works,
. II. p. 282. N.

Who hangs the Earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seaſons riſe.
  But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men*, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife;
Then am I loſt again; Religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder *ſcheme* prevails,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
  At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *exiſtence* and his *juſtice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
  But here inſtruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
  Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a *cabal* of Siſter Fiends;
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night.
Firſt, Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next, Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;

Then

Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears *;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *bag* from whence they ſpring.
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort,
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
Amidſt th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like theſe, expreſs'd
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
" Shall we ſupine permit theſe *peaceful days*,
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall Pity melt, ſhall Clemency controul,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *ſoul*?
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of Hell;

* This is an inſtance in which Dr. King, in common with ſome greater Poets, has ſacrificed Grammar to (even a very indifferent) Rhyme. N.

" Since mighty Jove debars us of his *ſkies*,
" Since Theodoſius too his *earth* denies?
" Such were the days, and ſo their tenor ran,
" When the firſt happy Golden Age began:
" Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
" With Piety and Faith, ſecurely reign;
" Nay, Juſtice, in imperial pomp array'd,
" Boldly explores this everlaſting ſhade;
" Me ſhe, inſulting, menaces and awes;
" Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
" And ſhall we then, neglected and forlorn,
" From every region baniſh'd, idly mourn?
" Aſſert yourſelves; know what, and whence, you are:
" Attempt ſome glorious miſchief worth your care;
" Involve the Univerſe in endleſs war.
" Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours riſe,
" Darken the *ſun*, pollute the balmy *ſkies*;
" Let looſe the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
" Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
" And ſhatter Nature into Chaos once again!"

So rag'd the Fiend, and toſs'd her *vipers* round,
Which hiſſing pour'd their poiſon on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different reſolves from different reaſons ſprung.
So when the fury of the ſtorm is paſt,
When the rough winds in ſofter murmurs waſte;
So ſounds, ſo fluctuates, the troubled ſea,
As the expiring *tempeſt* plows its way.

Megæra, riſing then, addreſs'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:

Whoſe

Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is children's blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the ſavage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, ſhe flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monſtrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him inceſtuous to a Mother's arms:
She ſtung Thyeſtes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful ſpeech:
" Your *ſchemes* not practical nor lawful are,
" With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
" But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd Earth *deſtruction* ſpread;
" Then ſhall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from ſavage parents ſprung,
" Impetuous as a Tigreſs new with young;
" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I firſt receiv'd him to my nurſing care;
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the teat, and on my boſom hung:

" Whilſt my *horn'd ſerpents* round his *viſage* play'd,
" His features form'd, and there their *venom* ſhed;
" Whilſt I, infuſing, breath'd into his heart
" *Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
" Taught him t' involve his ſoul in ſecret clouds,
" With falſe diſſembling ſmiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can aſſuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can ſuffice
" His boundleſs and unfated *avarice*:
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' ſtreams,
" Nor Hermus glittering as the ſolar beams.
" If you the ſtratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
" There ſhall he ſoon, with his intriguing art,
" Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
" Not Numa's wiſdom ſhall that *heart* defend,
" When the falſe *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."
Soon as ſhe ended, the ſurrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black deſign applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair ſhe bound,
With a blue *ſerpent* girt her veſt around;
Then haſtes to Phlegethon's impetuous ſtream,
Whoſe pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and ſtraight, with wings diſplay'd,
Shoots ſwiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmoſt verge there lies,
Extended to the ſea and Southern ſkies;
Where once Ulyſſes, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;

Where

Where oft', with ſtaring eyes, the trembling *bind*
Sees airy *phantoms* ſkim before the wind:
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies:
She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the ſound.
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *ſage* appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monſtrous birth, ſhe knew ſo well,
She mildly thus Hell's-*darling hope* addreſs'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breaſt:
" Can Sloth diſſolve RUFINUS; canſt thou paſs
" Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
" Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an *old* man's counſel canſt obey,
" The ſubject world ſhall own thy ſovereign ſway:
" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of Magic's *ſecret ſcience* is poſſeſs'd.
" Oft' have I forc'd, with *myſtic midnight* ſpells,
" Pale *ſpectres* from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful ſong,
" Powerful to haſten fate, or to prolong;
" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.

" Nor doubt my truth—behold, with juſt ſurprize,
" An effort of my art—a *palace riſe.*"
She ſaid; and, lo! a *palace* towering ſeems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
RUFINUS, raviſh'd with the vaſt delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his *golden wiſh* enjoy'd:
But, as his ſtiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But Juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only *proſtituted tools* repair;
Where STILICO and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* ſtand expos'd to ſale;
Where now RUFINUS, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *reſiſt*, and to *rebel*;
But thoſe *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his *ſacred rights* defend;
Expounds ſmall *riots* into *higheſt crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treaſon* to the *times*.

An

An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enſlaves the *ſubjects*, and inſults the *Throne*.
A thouſand diſemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlaſting homage to the *ſea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the *ſea* confeſſes no increaſe,
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill RUFINUS' ſoul remains,
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'ſt thou rove, *miſtaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy *avarice* poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering Eaſt,
Of CROESUS' maſs of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.

Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*;
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.

No

o *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
or new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
ô ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
Then with ſtrict *oaths* his profer'd faith he binds,
alſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
ould he aſſert a ſinking *nation's* cauſe,
e ſtirs a vengeance nothing can controul,
uch is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
ell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
Vhen tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
Vith lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Vor will thoſe families eraz'd ſuffice;
3ut provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Jrg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*;
ubverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man, purſued by *faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he invents new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains *;
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. N.

O dreadful

O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own;
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulſive ſorrow* tear the *mind.*
Envy is mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But STILICO's ſuperior ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *ſtate;*
When *parties* rage, and *public tempeſts* beat;
He is the ſafe *retreat,* the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes;*
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided *ſurges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd,* reverberates the ſound,

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

OR,

Lord BOLINGBROKE's Welcome from FRANCE *.

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat
" Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
" Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what 's now the laſt reſult of Fate;

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare one of his under-ſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 25, 1712. N.

What

What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey:
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky;
" The reſt let Nereus tell"—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realms ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:

" Her

" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
" The Southern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
" Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
" No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
" When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:
" The fleecy product of the Cotſwold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron ſhall there intrinſic value ſhow,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fiſhery ſhall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
" That mighty taſk to Glaucus we aſſign,
" Of more importance than the richeſt mine;
" He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the Whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treaſure lies upon the frozen coaſt
" Not yet explor'd, nor negligently loſt.
" In vaſt Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
" Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to Anna's * name;
" The ſilver fir and lofty pine ſhall riſe
" From Britain's own united Colonies;
" Which to the maſt ſhall canvaſs-wings afford,
" And pitch, to ſtrengthen the unfaithful board;
" Norway may then her naval ſtores with-hold,
" And proudly ſtarve for want of Britiſh gold.
" O happy Iſle! to ſuch advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counſels grac'd;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Thy

" Thy nation's genius, with induſtrious arts,
" Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.
" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt Queen;
" The Indians, from the Spaniſh yoke made free,
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour ſpread,
" Through ſtraights and gulphs immenſe her fame
" convey'd;
" Nor reſts enquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their ſtars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new diſcoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world, in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires, that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs power to ſway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen,
" With a re-doubled vigour ſprings again:
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
" And ſpread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counſels leſs,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

" In

" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth.
" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall increaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace**.
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears:
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race, ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air;

* The Pacific Ocean.

" The

" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.
" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine.
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;

Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unuſual ſhow,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they deviſ'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.

The Gallic King, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Miſtreſs' name for Peace declares:

Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride;
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins;
Out-do whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
Prepare the Roſe and Lily for his brow.

Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

A Paraphraſe on Naudæus's Addreſs to Cardinal de Bagni.

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant Weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Libyan ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire. — From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light,
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's ſake, deſpiſe;
Let her kneel ſtill, for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth —
Men can revenge their ſex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.

Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
"From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
"Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
"Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
"That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
"Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
"In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

TO LAURA.

In Imitation of PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views;
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

Upon his diſputing publickly at Chriſt Church, Oxford.

MUSE, to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny:
With due ſubmiſſion, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis ſtrange that there ſhould be
"In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
"With well-wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly barr'd,
"And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
"Whilſt I, ſure of my cauſe, this ſtrength poſſeſs;
"A noble youth, advancing with addreſs,
"Led glittering Falſehood on with ſo much art,
"That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
"Words with that grace," ſaid I, "muſt needs perſuade;
"I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
"Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt, I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
"Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me,
"When Virtue or when Innocence oppreſt
"Fly for ſure refuge to his generous breaſt;

* Probably James the third earl of Angleſea. N.

" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice perſuades the liſtening peers,
" Judges ſhall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Diſpelling miſts, which long have hid their cauſe:
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, ſhall ſure prevail:
" Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay,
" For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I fought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You ſaid, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You 'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of paſſion ſwore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I 've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain:
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain,
And with freſh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY by NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being Part of a Play called "The New Troop."

O MY dear Thraſherwell, you're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
"You're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here."—
"Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
"With whom the torments of my life began:
"She is a bitter one!"—You lye, you Rogue;
You are a treacherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Woe worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my intereſt liſt you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?
And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole Regiment to louſe.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial Youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood:

You,

You, with ſome oaths that ſignified conſent,
Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went.
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep:
The Enſign thumb'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, ſhe 'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo — pray give me leave to ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

"When

" When their good company he would intreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clear, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
" I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, " that you may ſee
" 'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why doſt not thou appear!
" Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
" I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; " I 'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, " There was nothing fit to eat:
" The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef 's not enough,
" The Bacon 's muſty, and the Hens are tough;
" The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to Oil;
" And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
" 'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
" Down to a Pudding without Plumbs or Fat.
" What Teeth or Stomach 's ſtrong enough to feed
" Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
" Why muſt old Pidgeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
" When there 's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
" This Beer is ſour; this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
" And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue

Sue all this while many excuſes made;
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.

Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en
"ſhall roll:
"I 'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear: I 'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;
"I 'll try, my joy!" ſhe cried, "if I can pleaſe
"My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: "Is 't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
"No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: "I'll ſwear,
"I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!".

THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:

There-

Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handſome, jolly laſs, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for 't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with "Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, "Few words are beſt;
"Give me that Skillet then; and, if I 'm true,
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, "Give me your Skillet then, and try."
"My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
"I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs

And

And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf;
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine!"
"You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "t'en't mine;
"But I'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You 've got the better;
"For tell me, Deareſt, whether you would chuſe
"To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
"As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
"We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They 'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he 'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He 'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;

And

And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their cozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
"Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
"They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
"With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
"According as you meet with mud or clay.
"Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
"And now the blame of this all 's laid on you;
"For it will be a diſmal thing to think
"How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink:
"Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
"Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."

Says Banks, "I 'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
"Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
"Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one,
"To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
"And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
"By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
"Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
"There 's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
"Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
"I 'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
any point could tell you, to a hair,
'hen was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
t home he had occaſion for a light
o turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
im'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
nd therefore, as he from the chapel came,
xtinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
f which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
he uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
here happen'd a Phyſician to be by,
'ho thither came but only as a ſpy,
o find out others' faults, but let alone
epentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudious gravity replies,
That 's as the place or as the matter lies:
If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
There would be nothing different in the caſe;
But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
'Twere height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."

" Then," ſays the Doctor, " for more light in this,
" To put a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
" Suppoſe a man ſhould take a Common Prayer
" Out of a Chapel where there 's ſome to ſpare?"
" A Common Prayer!" ſays Paddy, " that would be
" A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."
" Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
" Take thence a bunch of Roſemary or Bays?"
" I 'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
" But 'twould be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
" What if a man ſhould from the chapel take
" A taper's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
" Whether 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
" Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
" But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
" As to the taper, it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty, and was left:
" And ſacrilege in having it is none,
" Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Conſidering both were waſh'd away with beer,
With Strap the Conſtable by Fortune meets,
Whoſe lanterns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.

Reſty, impatient any one ſhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
"Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours ſo late?
"Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."—
"I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can't. Why muſt you know
"From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
"See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; "trembling behold
"Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
"Wooden authority when thus I wield,
"Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
"Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
"Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
"You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
"If that be all, commit me if you dare;
"No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
"Durſt commit me, that once had heard my name."—
"Pray then, what is't?"—"My name's ADUL-
"TERY;
"And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be,
"Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming down,
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, "How do'ſt, Paul?"—"Thank you: and how
"do'ſt, Betty?"

"Didſt ſee our Jack, her Sifter? No, you 've ſeen,
"I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
"Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, "are true,
"I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome folks knew
"As much as I, it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is 't?"—"Why give me ſome-
"thing for 't,
"This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſhort:
"The Parliament have made a proclamation,
"Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
"That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
"And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
"For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
"From out of theſe young men chooſe two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, "Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
"For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
"Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; "pray pardon me:
"Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, muſt have three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh! ho! is 't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
"Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
"I warrant I 'd find *mouth*, if they 'll find *men*."

* Where queen Anne and her court frequently reſided.

HOLD

HOLD FAST BELOW.

[HERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new:
s comrades all obedience to him paid,
executing what deſigns he laid:
was they ſhould rob the orchard, he 'd retire,
s foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
: kept them in the dark to that degree,
)ne ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he,
it, being at the top of all affairs,
ie profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
iere fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
ie rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
: was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
: cries to them, as going juſt to play,
What a rare Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
Ah," ſays another, "we can have no hope
Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
ys then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
which he drew his infant cullies in;
Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
For that contrivance pray let me alone.
Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold you;
And then I warrant you the thing will do.

" But, if there 's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied;
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho!
" You 're gone, unleſs ye all hold faſt below.
" They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis fit time to drop them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way:
He let his company the Hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view:
A Beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two ſhou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.

He

He often ask'd her to expose; but she
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says she, "I know an unfrequented place,
"To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
"And the mean while your horse may find some grass."
Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter sure.
She 's ask'd to sit: but then excuse is made,
"Sitting," says she, "'s not usual in my trade:
"Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
"I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He smiling cries, "Come, I 'll the knot untie,
"And, if you mean the Child's, we 'll lay it by."
Says she, "That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
"I 'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
"Discover'd by the hideous noise 'twould make.
"Use is another nature, and 'twould lack,
"More than the breast, its custom to the back."
"Then," says the Gentleman, "I should be loth
"To come so far and disoblige you both:
"Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould do?"
"Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing; she, about to go,

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lie
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſe-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours,
"That in your principles you 're well inclin'd:
"But then you 're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
"None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
"Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
"As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;

" The Market will for Thurſday find a diſh,
" And Friday is a proper day for fiſh;
" After fiſh, Saturday requires ſome Meat;
" On Sunday you 're oblig'd by law to treat;
" And the ſame law ordains a Pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take Hens, Geeſe, Turkies, then, or ſomething light,
" Becauſe their legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
" And, ſince I find that roaſt Beef makes you ſleep,
" Corn it a little more, and ſo 'twill keep.
" Roaſt it on Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd;
" On Tueſday Mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
" On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
" A Loin or Breaſt of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
" On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice,
" 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
" We 'll have a diſh of Fiſh, and one diſh more.
" On Saturday ſtew'd Beef, with ſomething nice,
" Provided quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
" Becauſe that in the afternoon, you know,
" By cuſtom, we muſt to the Ale-houſe go;
" For elſe how ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
" Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without remembering firſt our Wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
" After each meal, let 's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.

" Now

" Now for the application, and the uſe:
" I found your care for Sunday an abuſe:
" All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d'you dine?
" I have roaſt Beef, choice Veniſon, Turkey, Chine:
" Every one 's hawling me. Then ſay poor I,
" It is a bitter buſineſs to deny;
" But, who is 't cares for fourteen meals a day,
" As for my own part, I had rather ſtay,
" And take them now and then,—and here and there,—
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I 'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns, each will be ſure of me."
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſeven wiſeſt of them bad him come.

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young ſparks came there,
And whilſt ſhe does her Coffee freſh prepare,

One

ne for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.
Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
For I believe there 's no great reaſon for 't,
As if the folks t'other day ſwept your door,
And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
There 's nothing in 't," ſays Jenny; "that is done
Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
And, gentlemen, you 'd much miſtaken be,
If any one ſhould not think that of me.
Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
What due obedience to their prince they owe,
And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
My word 's a law; when I my power advance,
There 's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I 'm King,
I 'm Pope, I 'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
What though my wife be partner of my bed,
The Monarch's Crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
nd, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
er conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lyes,
nd to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
D'ye hear — you — Sirrah — Monarch — there? —
"Come down
And grind the Coffee — or I 'll crack your Crown."

JUST

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
"Humpus," ſays he, "I order that you find
"Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
"As in this paper now I give you here;
"Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
"Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
"For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, "Who is 't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my Maſter bade me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.

In

In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The Maſter thus accoſts him, "Sir, you 're wet,
"Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
"I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner 's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
"This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown;
"But is not all the family his own?
"And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
"Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
"If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
"What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter 's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, "What have you there?"
"How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
"Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed I,—
"Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
"Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
"If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, "That 'twas wine, I do believe;
"But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
"He 's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
"And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:

They

They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my Lady gave them me." —
"No more such Poison shall she ever give,
"I 'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:
"Set faggots in the court, I 'll make her fry;
"And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"
Then, smiling, says the Clown, "Upon my life,
"A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
"And, since I find 'tis really your design,
"Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh through the multitude of Bu
"ness." ECCLES. v.

"Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
"Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt
"Sed sibi quisque facit," &c. PETRONIU

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Prophesies design'd;
Nor by æthereal Beings sent us down,
But each man is creator of his own:
For, when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
The souls essay to wander where they please;
The scatter'd images have space to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE

THE

ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Strippling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let PUDDING's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to 't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite
Forms equally delicious, as they 're white.
In ſhining diſh the HASTY MASS is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.

Yet

Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver ſoil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,
The higheſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Iſles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines,
And Snow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents inſeparable ſtreaks,
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Diſh.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there 's a Landſcape made.
And Wiſe and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

* The two royal gardeners. KING.

IV. Making of a good Pudding gets a good Husband.

YE Virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crouds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife!

V. Sack and Sugar to Quaking-Pudding.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. Broiled Pudding.

HID in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright Pewteria's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, Pewteria felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding 's loſt, but may with freſh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. Mutton Pudding.

BUT Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint * may conſtitute a treat;
When made a Pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as That of other Food is beſt!

* A Loin. King.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

To take his Leave of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you 'll ſay,
You 're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you 've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
That 's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter!

INDIAN

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
And Conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
Aurora's darling Son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal,
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we 'll prove
As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Art guiltes; what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I 'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a Slave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met — ſays Sam, Alas, to ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is;
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For Carter's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his Brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried Malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.

May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.
A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued,
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

AD

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latéque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem.
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught *old* Empires to ſubdue,
As Tyne creates and governs, now, the *new*.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Eſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus Miſery is ſcorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whoſe word 's a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee:
The ſparks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.
Lineage and virtue, at this puſh,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a ruſh.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly,

The First-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued;
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend, to ſave your ſhoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Dames and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I 'll my generous mind ſubdue.

Tranſlation from TASSO, CANTO III. ST. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd-for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

From

From HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when, by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join.
Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea God, knows,
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River — THAME.

I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her Daughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS*.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
Or matters go at ſix and ſeven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all 's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing Nature's face,
I ſpy ſo regular a grace!
So juſt a ſymmetry of features,
From ſtern to ſtern, in all her creatures!
When on the boiſtrous ſea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any fink!
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One 's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
There 's a preſiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears:
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen:

* See a ſerious tranſlation, above, p. 367.

Which

Which trims the ſun with its own beams;
Whilſt the moon ticks for hers, it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to ſpit!
But then again! How can it be,
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſs'd;
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppreſs'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilſt he, who ſeems to be a tool,
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!
This whimſical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier, to eſpouſe
The ſceptic's hypothetic cauſe:
Who Kent will to a-codling lay us,
That croſs-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!

A *vacuum* 's another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all ſpace is full,
From inſide of a Tory's ſkull.
As to a Deity; his tenet
Swears by It, there is nothing in it;
Elſe 'tis too buſy or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna 's a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotic-right,
That paſſive non-reſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light;
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on-high,
From every preſumptuous Why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as noſe on face, expounding,
All this intricate dumb-founding;
Which to the mean'ſt conception is,
As followeth hereunder, *viz.*

Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
To make their headlong fall the greater.

THE

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd ſo fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reaſon could prevail,
To bring the owners to a ſale;
Jezabel ſaw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accoſted him with ſcorn,
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?"
A king, and weep! The ground 's your own:
I 'll veſt the garden in the crown.
With that ſhe hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth anſwer with his head.
And when his harmleſs blood was ſpilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whoſe hands perhaps were not ſo fair,
Yet had a Jezabel as near.
Hall, of ſmall Scripture-converſation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By ſome ſtrange accident had got
The ſtory of this Garden Plot;
Wiſely foreſaw he might have reaſon
To dread a modern bill of treaſon,
If Jezabel ſhould pleaſe to want
His ſmall addition to her grant;
Therefore reſolv'd in humble ſort
To begin firſt, and make his court;
And, ſeeing nothing elſe would do,
Gave a third part, to ſave the other two.

CON-

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